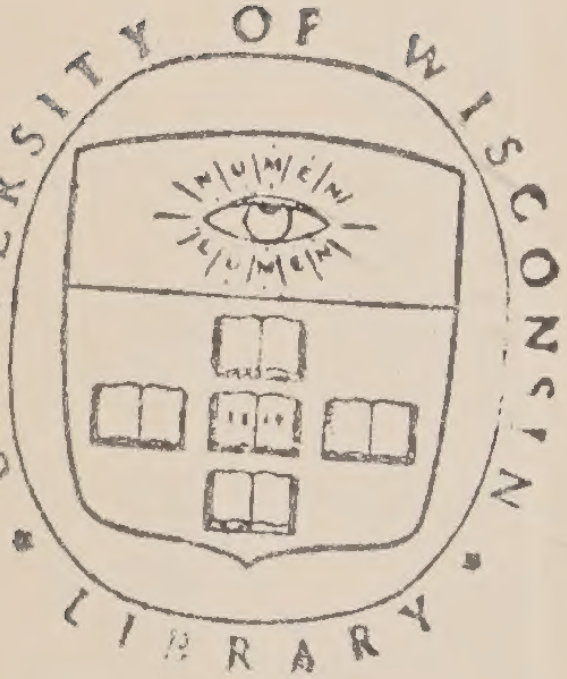
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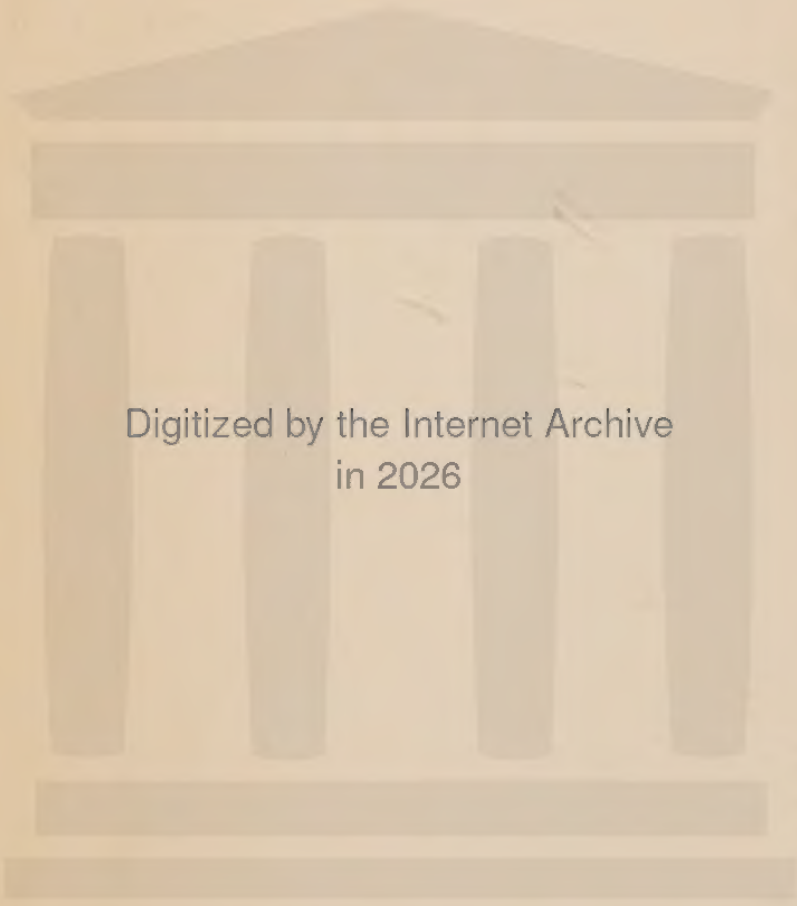

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THE

POEMS OF THE PLEASURES:

CONSISTING OF

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION,

BY MARK AKENSIDE, M.D.;

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY,

BY SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.;

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, A.M.;

THE PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP,

BY JAMES M'HENRY, M.D.

WITH

A MEMOIR OF EACH AUTHOR,

AND

A Dissertation on each Poem,

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

Philadelphia:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
CORNER OF FOURTH AND RACE ST.
1841.

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PREFACE.

A CLASS of ethical poems on the PLEASURES derivable from the mental faculties and emotions, appears to be peculiar to modern times and to British literature. Among the poems transmitted to us by the ancients, that which makes the nearest approach to the character of these productions, is the Art of Love, by Ovid. Had this poem been entitled the Pleasures of Love, it might have been supposed, not only as legitimately belonging to the class in question, but as being its earliest successful example.

But if Ovid's poem even possessed the family name, it would not, in truth, be entitled to claim relationship to the British productions. It differs from them in characteristics much more essential than the mere name. They investigate the sources of our nobler faculties and feelings, and celebrate the enjoyments which those faculties and feelings confer. These are employments worthy of the philosophical and moral muse. Not so were the purposes for which Ovid wrote. It is not the nature of love, but the art of seduction that he teaches. It is not the joys of affection, but the excitements of appetite that he depicts. To have called his poem the Pleasures of Love, would

have been misnaming it, for it is not rational love, but animal passion that is his theme; nor is it true pleasure—it is loathsome indulgence that he celebrates. Sound judgment, therefore, will combine with good taste in rejecting the pretensions of Ovid's poem to be classified with the valuable works under consideration.

The poetry of some of the existing nations of the European continent, may possibly contain some work worthy of being admitted into the family of the British "Pleasures." But any such work is unknown to the present writer, who, after taking some pains to inquire, feels satisfied that there exists, at least no series of such works, out of the pale of British poetry. He is also persuaded that to the author of the Pleasures of Imagination alone, justly belongs the honour of originating a species of poetical compositions by which modern literature has been so greatly enriched.

It is true that the faculties and feelings of Imagination, Memory, Hope, Friendship, Love, Charity, Piety, Melancholy, Mirth, &c., have, from the very origin of poetry, been the favourite themes of its cultivators. But until the production of "The Pleasures of Imagination," these themes were most frequently treated in connexion with others, as topics of illustration or digression; or when treated separately, it was in such compositions as odes, pastorals, songs, sonnets, &c.—compositions which, however pleasing in themselves, are of a structure and character quite

different from the more extensive, philosophical, and preceptive productions, of which Akenside, in the above-mentioned splendid poem, set the example.

Previous to Akenside's poem there, indeed, existed in our own language two exquisite productions, which have a claim much superior to that of Ovid's licentious work, to be classed with the poetical series now before us. These are the Il Penseroso and L'Allegro of Milton, which might with propriety have been called "The Pleasures of Melancholy," and "The Pleasures of Mirth." But names cannot impart natures, and even with such titles, these poems could not with propriety have been placed in the class of productions under consideration. Their brevity precludes the range and variety of philosophical and moral reflection so characteristic of the Poems of the Pleasures—they are purely descriptive, consisting altogether of a grouping of poetical images exquisitely conceived and expressed, delineating Melancholy and Mirth, but without investigating the natural sources of these feelings, or deducing precepts from their operation.

Besides the productions selected for this volume, there have been published in our language, since the time of Akenside, several poems of kindred titles and, in some respects, of kindred structure, but not of kindred poetical spirit. Among these have been The Pleasures of Melancholy, The Pleasures of Religion, The Pleasures of Love, The Pleasures of Retirement, and notwithstanding the absurdity of its title, The Pleasures of Poverty. But, if T. Warton's

short effusion, The Pleasures of Melancholy, be excepted, these all soon became wearied of the light of day, and shrunk back into primeval darkness. They had not vitality enough to bear the glare of this scrutinizing world. They would consequently be out of place in this volume.

Of one of these poems, however, "The Pleasures of Religion," by the Rev. Dr. Pise, of New York, it is but just to say, that although heavy on the whole, it contains many elegant and striking passages. The subject, we suspect, betrayed the reverend author too deeply into theological disquisition for the general taste of poetical readers. Besides it is a subject, which, although exhaustless when employed in expressing the outpourings of devotional feelings, affords, at this period of the world, but few new topics to attract the more secular portion of mankind. Not, indeed, that this fittest of all subjects for sublime and fervid poetry, has, or ever will, become incapable of inspiring strains of the most animating and attractive poetry, but that it must be an order of intellect of the highest and rarest description, that shall be capable of receiving such inspiration. To write suitable and popular poetry on the subject of Religion, would require the ardent minstrelsy of a David, the soaring imagination of a Milton, or the deep enthusiasm of a Young. Neither the energy of a Dryden, the harmony of a Pope, nor the fervency of a Byron would be sufficient. It is, in fact, one of the most hazardous subjects that a modern poet can at-

tempt, for unless he produces strains equal to those of the mighty bards of pious song, who have already enchanted the world, the probability is that he will sing in vain.

On the subject of Love, it is still more difficult for a modern poet to produce any thing new than on even that of Religion; for while it is a subject of much narrower range, it has been as frequently, as constantly, and as universally the theme of poetic inspiration. No wonder, therefore, that the "Pleasures of Love," by Stewart, was a failure, notwithstanding the fine poetical tone of many of its passages.

The other unsuccessful poems bearing the name of "Pleasures," merit no particular observation. They failed from the most common cause of poetical failures, the inability of their authors to impart to them the qualities that command success.

The poems included in this volume are, in fact, the only ones of the class that have as yet taken a permanent hold of the public mind. They were those alone, therefore, which the publisher, who was desirous of making a book entirely acceptable, felt warranted to lay before the reader. The established character of these poems giving assurance of a demand for them sufficient to authorize an ornamented edition, great care has been taken and expense incurred, in the mechanical execution and embellishment of the book, so as to render it suitable for the centre table as well as the study room, and to make it also an appropriate volume for presentation.

To render the volume still more acceptable, memoirs of the authors, and dissertations on the poems, prepared expressly for this edition, are inserted, the value of which, it is trusted, will be appreciated by the public. These additions, evidently both useful and interesting, in conjunction with the mechanical elegance and the acknowledged poetical merit of the volume, the publisher flatters himself, will cause it to be hailed by all lovers of true poetry, as a welcome book, that will, in a tasteful and convenient form, furnish them with the means of intellectual enjoyment of the most refined and rational description that poetical literature can afford.

The poems here published are confessedly among the most popular in the language; and to say that they will, for generations to come, continue to be so, is no hazardous prediction; for the favour they have received is owing to no temporary or extraneous circumstance attending either their authorship or their publication. It springs from causes entirely inherent in themselves, and which will continue to operate, without diminution or decay, so long as the language in which they are written continues to be spoken, and the hearts and understandings of men remain susceptible of receiving impressions from the charms of beautiful poetry.

The subjects of these poems have been judiciously chosen. Imagination, Memory, Hope, Friendship, are all well adapted for the inspiration of poetical fervour and the suggestion of poetical sentiment.

Into the feelings awakened by these subjects, every reader can enter. Nor were they already too much exhausted by having been the constant themes of all preceding poets. They were subjects that could yet furnish genius with new points of attraction in which to exhibit them; and the poets who so happily made them the themes of their song in the works here brought together, could elucidate their nature, and show forth their charms with freedom and boldness, unrestricted and unhampered by the fear of encroaching on the labours of others, or of presenting to the world anticipated views or images with which it was already familiar.

Akenside, who, as has been already observed, led the way into this beautiful field of poetical Pleasures, was more indebted to a previous writer for the leading topics of his work, than any of his successors. But it was to a prose writer. The excellent essays of Addison on Imagination, published in the Spectator, furnished the poet not only with the design of his work, but with many of its topics, so that it has been said, with only a partial regard to truth, that he has merely versified Addison's prose. There is a sufficiency of the poet's own creation in his noble production, to prove his capacity for original thinking. He has besides the important advantage over his successors, that, however much his subject, may have been preoccupied in prose, it was comparatively unknown to poetry. He has cultivated ground fresher and

newer to the muses than any other of the poets of the "Pleasures."

Rogers did not find the subject of Memory so unappropriated. His work was not only preceded by the beautiful and well known Ode of Mason to that faculty, but there were scattered throughout the poetry of the elder bards, a thousand allusions to the joys of vanished years; and from time immemorial, the endearing recollections of youthful scenes and past pleasures had been standing subjects for sentiment and song.

Campbell and M'Henry found their respective subjects much in the same predicament. Cowper had forestalled both these poets even more strikingly than Mason had done Rogers. The bard of Hope, in particular, when he appeared with his immortal production, found the world in possession of an excellent poem on the same subject, by the author of the Task. The same eminent author had written on Friendship, not indeed so elaborately as on Hope, but yet in strains sufficiently pleasing and popular to render any attempt to invoke the muses on the same subject somewhat hazardous.

Still the subjects of Memory, Hope, and Friendship were far from being exhausted. They yet afforded ample scope for originality of thought and freshness of expression; and that their respective poets sufficiently availed themselves of this advantage, the numerous novel beauties of their productions, which the world has been neither slow in discovering, nor

backward in acknowledging, bear abundant testimony.

An attempt to assign the superiority of merit to either of the four poems in this volume, would be ill-judged, for each reader will be inclined to prefer that which conforms most to his own particular taste. As each poem, however, has distinct and peculiar characteristics, it will not be improper to point them out succinctly to the attention of the reader.

The Pleasures of Imagination is, beyond doubt, the most uniformly exalted in its topics and allusions, it takes the widest range in the management of its subject, and is the most avowedly philosophical work of the series. It is, at the same time, the most difficult to comprehend, being in many passages disagreeably obscure. Its composition probably required a greater exertion of reflective talent than any of the others. It abounds in profound analyses and deductions, which could not have been effected without great powers of ratiocination. There is in it, besides, sufficient indication of a fervid fancy and an inventive imagination, to mark the author a true poet. But whether these high attributes will, in the opinion of the majority of readers, atone for the absence of simplicity, ease, and perspicuity, and of every thing resembling those delightful homefelt passages to be found in each of the other poems, may be doubted. It may, however, be safely asserted that a respectable minority at least, will be disposed to regret the almost entire absence of the latter qualities, and to

think that an additional sprinkling of them, would have been a desirable substitute for much of the magnificent philosophy and elevated imaginings which now characterize the poem.

The Pleasures of Memory has indications of being written with more caution and labour than any of the sister poems. Its topics and images seem to have been selected with much care and some timidity, although always with judgment and in accordance with true taste. Its versification is so smooth and equable, that it is almost monotonous. It has, in fact, been polished to attenuation. This extreme guardedness has rendered this agreeable poem inferior to the others in the range of its thoughts and in the freedom of its diction; but it has apparently the highest mechanical finish of them all.

The Pleasures of Hope is perhaps the most brilliant didactic poem in the language; and it is correspondingly popular. It takes a sufficiently wide and elevated view of the pleasing influence of Hope, and selects topics for the illustration of that influence, which are naturally well adapted for poetical representation. It handles these with a freedom often partaking of abruptness, and turns off into digressions sometimes scarcely connected with the main subject, and but remotely elucidative of it, yet so beautiful that no reader would consent to their extinction. The versification of this poem is, taken altogether, perhaps the most exquisite specimen of the ten syllable couplet in the language. No poem of Pope—not even

Eloisa to Abelard—surpasses it in mellifluousness; while in freedom, ease, and variety of movement, it seems to leave even that melodious poem behind. Its characteristic beauties are boldness, energy, and dignity of thought, and terseness, gracefulness, and harmony of expression. Its chief blemishes are an occasional obscurity of reasoning, an abruptness in changing the topics, and too great a remoteness of application in the illustrations.

The Pleasures of Friendship differs from the preceding poems in the more tangible nature of its subject. Imagination, Memory, and Hope are faculties; Friendship is a feeling. Our ideas of the first three are abstract conceptions which we form of certain powers or operations of the mind; the last is a palpable, pleasing sensation whose seat is in the heart, whose presence is welcomed and cherished, and whose influence pervades almost every occurrence of life. This poem is, in consequence, more practical in its tone, more homefelt in its topics, and generally more heart-warming in its delineations than any of the others. In regard to its versification, if it has not the pomp and the sounding energy of the Pleasures of Hope, it has equal variety and ease, and more simplicity, clearness, and spontaneous melody. Its couplets are much less laboured, and may not, therefore, be so compact and equable as those of the Pleasures of Memory, but they flow with more grace and freedom; and, while they have more volubility, they have, at least, equal sweetness. The chief power of this poem consists in its pathos;

and in reference to its sisters in this collection, it is favourably distinguished for its perspicuity, and the close applicability of its illustrations. Its descriptions are uniformly true to nature, and its language is at once highly poetical and remarkable for vernacular purity and precision. Being the least abstract poem in the volume, it has the fewest flights into the airy regions of speculation. By some, this may be considered a defect, while others, who prefer the poetry which touches the heart to that which exercises the intellect, will deem it an advantage.

This comparison of the leading characteristics of these four noble poems, has been made designedly short, because a more minute investigation of the peculiar merits and defects of each will appear prefixed to it, in its proper place in the volume.

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AKENSIDE'S

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

A POEM IN THREE BOOKS.

MEMOIR

OF

MARK AKENSIDE, M.D.

This poet, distinguished as the originater of the Poems of the Pleasures, was a native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he was born on the 9th of November, 1721. His father was a respectable butcher, noted for moral and religious deportment, and zealous in his attachment to the Presbyterian sect of dissenters. His mother's name was Mary Lumsden, of decent, although not wealthy parentage. Mark received the rudiments of his education at the grammar school of Newcastle. He was afterwards placed under the tuition of a Mr. Wilson, who kept a private academy in the same town.

The religious predilections of his father rendered him desirous that his son should be educated for the office of a Presbyterian minister; and with this view, Mark was, at the age of eighteen, sent to the University of Edinburgh. Here he received some assistance from the fund employed by the Church of Scotland in educating young men of limited means, for the ministry. But from some cause unknown,—probably from

that which has induced many young men, under similar circumstances, to disappoint the wishes of their parents in regard to the clerical profession, a reluctance to assume the solemn responsibilities which a proper discharge of its duties imposes,—he changed the nature of his studies, and directed his attention to the acquirement of medical knowledge. It is no slight evidence of conscientious feelings having an influence in producing this change in his pursuits, that he voluntarily returned to the trustees of the Presbyterian fund, the money he had received from them, deeming it dishonourable to retain it when he no longer intended to fulfil the conditions on which it had been given. This creditable act may also be considered a proof of the care which had been taken by his parents, to impress his mind with a due regard for the obligations of morality, and the requirements of honour in his intercourse with the world.

He continued nearly three years at Edinburgh, and then, in 1741, removed to the Dutch University of Leyden, where, in 1744, he took his degree of Doctor of Medicine. The thesis which, according to collegiate custom, he wrote on this occasion, drew considerable attention, on account of the power of professional research and the sound philosophical reasoning which it displayed. The subject was, "The Origin and Growth of the Human Fœtus," in which he very judiciously combatted the theory then established, and brought forward that which has since been universally adopted.

Whether Akenside conceived, and altogether wrote The Pleasures of Imagination, while at Leyden, is unknown; but that he finished it there is certain, for soon after receiving his degree, he visited London with the manuscript, which he offered to the celebrated bookseller, Dodsley. This publisher, although in general a liberal encourager of the muses, hesitated in the purchase on account of the price,—a hundred and twenty pounds,—which was demanded by the nameless and unknown author. He asked permission to consult Mr. Pope. That great poet at once discerned the merit of the work, and advised Dodsley to accede to the author's terms, observing, "This is no every-day writer."

The poem was received by the public with great favour, and raised its author at once to a high rank among the poets of the day. Soon after its appearance, Akenside issued a severe political invective against the famous Poulteney, Earl of Bath, in an epistle signed "Curio," whom, in the ardour of patriotism, he assails as the betrayer of his country.

In 1745, he published a "Hymn to the Naiads," and a variety of odes, which, although they added nothing to the reputation he had gained by the Pleasures of Imagination, showed him to be well versed in Grecian philosophy, and a warm admirer of classical literature. The poetical miscellany called "Dodsley's Collection," contains many of his poetical effusions, chiefly odes, which he, from time to time, continued for several years to produce, but none of which would

perhaps, at this time, be read or known, had they not been written by the author of the Pleasures of Imagination. Not that they are without merit. The Hymn to the Naiads, in particular, is worthy of Akenside's fame. But the pieces, in general, are no better than a thousand other fugitive poems, scattered throughout the periodical publications of the last and present centuries, which, from not having names of celebrity attached to them, never attracted much notice, and are now as utterly unknown as if they had never existed.

Akenside, having thus made an impression in the world of letters, found the achievement to be productive of more fame than profit; and being without patrimony, he also found that the latter was the more necessary of the two, not only for procuring him the comforts of life, but for enabling him to act conscientiously in the fulfilment of its obligations. He therefore turned his views towards establishing himself profitably in his profession. With this object, he settled at Northampton. But his success there was not answerable to his wishes. Dr. Stonehouse, a practitioner of very popular manners, was already there so well established, that it was not easy for a young man whose poetical eclipsed his medical reputation, to supplant him in the estimation of any great portion of the inhabitants, without a longer struggle than the impatient temperament of the poet would permit. Tired of a contest which he deemed hopeless, he removed to Hampstead, where he remained about two years in the enjoyment of only a moderate share of

professional patronage. He then settled finally in London, where his practice would have been quite inadequate to his support, but for the uncommon generosity of Mr. Jeremiah Dyson, a gentleman whose disinterested friendship for our bard, in allowing him a gratuitous annuity of three hundred pounds, deserves to be mentioned as a most singular and honourable instance of benevolence and well applied bounty. It also speaks well for the conduct and manners of Akenside, that he was capable of inspiring a gentleman of known discrimination and fine parts, with such a favourable opinion of his merits.

That Akenside did not abuse the liberality of his friend, is evident from the incessant efforts which he made to draw attention to his professional qualifications. He for some years altogether abandoned poetry, in the probably just belief, that his poetical reputation was the great obstacle to his professional success. He did more; he became a Fellow of the Royal Society, a Fellow of the London College of Physicians, one of the Physicians to St. Thomas's Hospital; and in addition to his Leyden degree, obtained one by mandamus from the University of Cambridge. He also gave a course of lectures on Anatomy.

In consequence of these efforts, his practice became, if not extensive and lucrative, at least sufficient for genteel competence. In the year 1764, his reputation both as a physician and a scholar, was much increased by the publication of a treatise, written in fine

Latin, on the Epidemic Dysentery of that year. He had before this written various pieces of acknowledged merit, on medical subjects; and now a professional honour was conferred upon him of no inconsiderable advantage. On the settlement of the queen's household, he was appointed one of her majesty's physicians, a promotion which was, no doubt, greatly owing to the active influence of his steady and untiring friend Mr. Dyson, aided certainly by the deserved repute which his own labours had acquired.

It must not be concealed that one cause of the slow advancement of this able and industrious man, in the profession which he had selected as the means of his support, is stated to have been a certain haughtiness and ostentation of manner, which he assumed in his intercourse with his brethren of the faculty, which rendered him unpleasant on consultations, and occasioned him to be generally avoided by eminent practitioners. His admission, however, into so many medical associations, would seem to prove this charge to be unfounded, at least to the extent that is alleged; and the long continued, unwavering solicitude of Mr. Dyson, for his welfare, as has been already intimated, offers a strong presumption that in manners he could not have been a great offender against the laws of urbanity and decorum. The truth probably is, that conscious of desert and impatient of neglect, he may have sometimes, perhaps frequently, indulged in querulous remarks, or in expressions of discontent at witnessing the superior success of competitors, whom

he knew to be far inferior to himself in either talents or learning. However this may be, just as this eminent poet and worthy man appeared to have overcome all obstacles to his success in life, he was taken off by a putrid fever, in the year 1770, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

For several years before his death, Akenside was employed in revising and remodelling the Pleasures of Imagination. This reformed work he left unfinished. It was nevertheless printed, and exhibited the poem pruned of much of its verbosity, and rendered less obscure. But unfortunately, it had lost in mellowness and splendour more than it had gained in density and clearness. Its philosophy was better, but its poetry was worse. It was considerably augmented. An entire new book was added, containing an episode, entitled "The Tale of Solon," which Dr. Johnson characterizes as being *too long*, another mode of charging it with dulness. It was fortunate for the poetical fame of Akenside, that the world was unwilling to receive this version as a substitute for the original work. The printing of it was injudicious; as it furnished evidence that years, aided no doubt by the plodding anxieties of a professional life long doomed to mortifications and disappointments, if they had not quite extinguished, had at least so weakened the poetical fire of the author's temperament, as to bring it altogether under the chilling control of philosophical rules and the laws of mechanical criticism.

DISSERTATION

ON THE

POEM OF THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

It was unquestionably the essay of Addison in the Spectator, on the Pleasures of the Imagination, which drew the attention of Akenside to this subject. Yet it is an error too generally adopted, to suppose that the poet was indebted to the essayist, not only for the general design of his work, but for the greater portion of its materials. Writing on the same subject, he could not, with propriety, avoid introducing many of the same topics. The essayist traces the Pleasures of the Imagination, as induced by the impression of visible objects on the memory, to their true sources, greatness, wonderfulness, and beauty. The poet would have been false to nature, had he, from the puerile desire of unnecessary originality, traced those pleasures to any other than the same sources. All that could be required of him on this part of his subject, was that the manner of tracing them should be his own. Architects, in erecting different structures, may use the same materials without

becoming copyists of each other. The marble, the mortar, the wood, and the iron may be identical in quality, nay, even in quantity, yet if the one structure be a church and the other a palace, who will deny to either builder the credit due to the originality displayed in the particular formation and embellishment of his edifice?

Akenside, in fact, with the exception of deriving the enjoyments of the imagination from the three sources before mentioned, differs so widely from Addison, in his manner of viewing and handling their common subject, as to leave scarcely any resemblance between them. Addison's topics and allusions are all, or nearly all, of a material and worldly character, palpable and comprehensible to the most common understanding. Akenside's, on the contrary, are so intellectually abstract, and so ethereally elevated, as to require for their comprehension, a mind closely attentive to the subject, and disposed to follow the poet in his flights into the regions of metaphysics, or amidst the creations of sublimated fancy.

There are, as Addison has stated, two kinds of pleasures produced by the imagination; those which flow from the operations of mind alone, and those which are derived through the medium of the senses. To the latter, Addison avowedly limits his speculations. But Akenside confines his muse within no such limits. On the contrary, although he does not exclude from his song the pleasures derived through the senses, yet the greater portion of the imaginative enjoyments

which he celebrates, are purely intellectual. His muse delights to lose herself in luxuriant abstractions. She soars amidst the radiance of ethereal magnificence, and contemplates visions conceivable only by the soul far purer and grander than the corporeal sight could ever have furnished.

Speaking of corporeal vision, Addison says, "It is this sense which furnishes the imagination with its ideas; so that by the pleasures of the imagination or 'fancy,' (which I shall use promiscuously,) I here mean such as arise from visible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call them up into our minds by paintings," &c. In another place of the same paper, referring to the reader, he says, "I must desire him to remember that by 'the pleasures of the imagination,' I mean only such pleasures as arise originally from the sight."

Such is Addison's avowal of his theme. But Akenside sings, in preference, of the *moral* joys of the imagination, such as spring from the contemplation of truth and wisdom and virtue. He exclaims,—

"For what are all
The forms which brute unconscious matter wears,
Greatness of bulk and symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse; dull their charms
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
Not so the *moral* species, nor the powers
Of genius and design; th' ambitious mind
There sees herself: by these congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act

She bends each nerve, and meditates well pleased
Her features in the mirror. For of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative *Wisdom* gave to lift his eye
To *Truth's* eternal measures; thence to frame
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly."

Thus, the great object of Akenside is to trace the *moral* enjoyments yielded by the imagination, in preference to those of mere material origin, arising from "greatness of bulk and symmetry of parts," and to show how "Creative Wisdom" gave man to look up to "Truth's eternal measures," and thence to frame laws of action, and to discern justice from injustice, and temperance from folly.

But even had our poet more closely followed in the path of Addison, with his bold and fertile fancy, and his sonorous and flowing verse, he could not have failed to produce a pleasing poem. The subject was well suited to set in motion all the powers of a mind such as his was at the time he adopted it. Young, ardent, and newly stored with the most brilliant images of both ancient and modern poetry, as well as strongly impressed with admiration for the sublimities, wonders, and beauties of nature, he was well calculated to descant on the topics they suggested, and to elucidate them in numbers, by a glowing arrangement of the exhaustless imagery they supplied. All the scrutinizers of Akenside's genius have acknowledged the special fitness of a subject so rich in the ingre-

dients of striking and brilliant poetry, for a writer such as he was, fresh from the halls of academical study, and teeming with classical erudition, and not yet cooled in his youthful enthusiasm for the charms of nature, and for all that is bright in the character and faculties of man, by the disappointment of hopes too sanguine, or the mortifications of a spirit too proud to bear with equanimity the deceptions of worldly promises, or the irritating annoyances of professional rivalry, and the innumerable other vexations of a bustling and dependent life.

The imagination may be considered simply, *the sight of the mind*. It is the faculty by which we not only recall to contemplation, objects that we have once seen, but by which we are enabled to discover them arranged in new combinations, presenting figures created by the faculty of invention. The whole extent of creation, and all its regions, and their productions, spiritual as well as material, come within its range, and are subject to its supervision. It thus furnishes inexhaustible stores for poetry, whether in the form of direct thought, or of imagery for elucidation and embellishment. When its enjoyments are, as in the case before us, made the subject of a poem, it is obvious that, if the poet knows how to avail himself of the advantages of so fertile a theme, he can never be at a loss for pleasing topics, and appropriate metaphors at once illustrative and ornamental. All the works of nature are at his command for the purposes of song. Her countless charms and fascinations are

spread before his view and offered to his use. He has nothing to do but to choose from those abundant stores. But to perform his task well, he must choose appropriately and pleasingly. His difficulty is not in the want of materials for choice, but in the embarrassment occasioned by the superabundance of all that is attractive, exalted, and lovely being offered to his acceptance, and the necessity he is under of selecting the fairest where all things are so fair. His judgment and good taste are here put on their trial. He is placed in a condition in which the success of his labours will be in proportion to his discernment rather than his invention.

That Akenside selected materials from the abundant field on which he had entered, with the taste of a poet, if not always with the skill of a philosopher, the world has decided. That he overlooked many topics and illustrations which would have made a better figure in his poem than some that he adopted, is not to be denied. But in selecting from such variety, where is the mortal who would make no mistake? It may be also asked, where is the mortal who would have made fewer?

We will now take a cursory view of the leading topics of this poem, and of the manner in which they are elucidated. We shall thus ascertain the propriety of their selection, and be enabled also to judge of the poetical character of the style in which they are treated.

The chief object of the first book is the same as

that of Addison in the second and third papers of his essay on the Imagination. It is to show that the delight we receive from the contemplation of objects arises from either their greatness, their wonderfulness, or their beauty. It is in this part of his work that our poet most closely follows Addison. In following the doctrines of Addison, however, he only follows the suggestions of truth. His manner of enforcing and illustrating these is entirely his own, and it is eminently poetical. He says,—

"Know then, whate'er of Nature's pregnant stores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms
With love and admiration thus inflame
The powers of fancy, her delighted sons
To three illustrious orders have referr'd,
Three sister graces whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue confesses,—the *subline*,
The *wonderful*, the *fair*."

In expatiating on the pleasure we derive from the contemplation of greatness, he asks why man was made so eminent in the creation, and rendered capable of extending his thoughts beyond the limit of his existence, if it were not that his aims might be exalted to the performance of mighty deeds pleasing to both mortals and immortals,—

"While the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding smile of Heaven?"

He then proceeds, in a bold strain of animated and l
majestic poetry, to exemplify the soarings of the
daring and ambitious spirit of man, and shows how it

"Pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning through the heavens;
Or yoked with whirlwinds or the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day."

He ascribes the grandeur of these aspirations of the
human soul, to the intention of the Creator that she
should not rest content with any condition short of
absolute perfection. The inference is natural, that
our admiration of sublime objects is implanted in us,
as an incitement to exalted and ennobling desires for
the attainment of a state of higher perfection. He
exclaims,—

"How far beyond
The praise of mortals, may th' eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming soul?"

He next proceeds to account for the uncommon and
the wonderful affording enjoyment to the mind, by
considering it a provision of the Deity to arouse us from
sloth, and stimulate us to activity by an eagerness to
enjoy the pleasure of novelty. He exemplifies this
by the impulses of curiosity, manifested by travellers
who explore unknown regions, and by students who
investigate with laborious diligence the secrets of
nature, and by the strained attention with which old
and young listen to tales of wonder:—

"Hence finally at night
The village matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suspends the infant audience with her tales—
Breathing astonishment! of witching rhymes,
And evil spirits; of the death-bed call;
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion," &c.

Proceeding then to the enjoyments derived from beauty, his verse becomes doubly inspired, and flows flowingly in numbers, kindled into harmony by the rapturous blandishments of the theme:—

"O, bear then unreproved
Thy smiling treasures to the green recess,
Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs
Entice her forth to lend her angel form
For beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy polish'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks: disclosing, as it bends
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The cheek fair blooming and the rosy lip,
Where winning smiles, and pleasures sweet as love,
With sanctity and wisdom tempering, blend
Their soft allurement."

He afterwards takes occasion to exalt the delights springing from moral beauty, above those, precious as they are, which are derived from the splendour and fascination of material forms:—

"Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper and the morn,
In Nature's fairest forms is aught so fair,
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene."

Our poet concludes this book with an animated apostrophe to the genius of ancient Greece, in which his enthusiasm for the beauties of classical song, and his reverence for the memory of the worthies of the *Athenian* age, are strongly manifested. He thus invokes the genius of the classic land:—

"Bring all thy martial spoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike sires
Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth,
Warm from the schools of glory."

He then gives way to the feelings of a Briton, and with an ardour of patriotism for which he was noted among his contemporaries, he continues his invocation:—

"From the blooming store
Of these auspicious fields, may I, unblamed,
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
My native clime: while far above the flight
Of fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock

The springs of ancient wisdom! while I join
Thy name, thrice honour'd! with th' immortal praise
Of Nature, while to my compatriot youth,
I point the high example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre."

The second book of this fine poem has scarcely any ideas in common with Addison's essay. It opens with a lamentation that the works of imagination, such as painting, sculpture, poetry, &c. had in modern times been applied to monkish purposes, rather than to the philosophical uses of instructing and polishing society. With the justice of this lamentation, we have nothing to do. We may say, however, that we believe it to be more poetical than just; for with all our respect for ancient wisdom and genius, we believe that the imaginative arts have been as usefully and as worthily applied in modern times, as ever they were in the most flourishing period of Greece or Rome. But while we question the accuracy of our bard's opinions on this topic, we must do justice to the excellent poetry of the strains in which he maintains them.

A large portion of this book is occupied by an allegorical episode, illustrative of the opinion that all the natural passions, hate, grief, anger, fear, &c., as well as love, joy, gratitude, hope, &c., are capable of communicating pleasing emotions. Thus the indulgence of grief for the death of a beloved object, imparts a satisfaction to the mind which it would often not exchange for excitements of the most joyous description. The incidents of the allegory may be related,

for they are few, although the narrative is, by a wonderful propensity to amplification, extended to an unreasonable, and we fear it has often been felt, an unpleasant length. An ancient sage, named Harmodius, wanders into the solitude of a wild wood to grieve for the death of Parthenia. There, as he indulges in feelings of fretfulness concerning the condition of man, a majestic form appears to him, whom he knows to be the genius of human kind,—

> "Whose words,
> Like distant thunders, broke the murmuring air."

After reproving Harmodius for his murmuring against Providence, the genius tells him to

> "Raise his sight,
> And let his sense convince his erring tongue."

The scene is changed in its various features to correspond with the lesson which the genius now gives to his awe-struck auditor, concerning the will of the Creator, in the origin of things, and in framing the laws by which the universe is governed:—

> "His parent hand
> From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore
> To men, to angels, to celestial minds,
> Forever leads the generations on
> To higher scenes of being; while supplied
> From day to day with his enlivening breath,
> Inferior orders in succession rise,
> To fill the void below."

The genius then exhibits to him the vision of Virtue, as a beautiful goddess,—

"Without whose work divine, in heaven or earth,
Naught lovely, naught propitious comes to pass,
Nor hope, nor praise, nor honour."

With Virtue, the goddess of Pleasure, called "the fair Euphrosyne," appears. Between them is seen

"A smiling youth,
Whose tender cheeks display'd the vernal flower
Of beauty; sweetest innocence illumed
His bashful eyes, and on his polish'd brow
Sate young simplicity."

This youth represents human nature. With much admiration he views both the goddesses. But Euphrosyne draws by far the greater share of his attention, so that her more dignified and exalted associate, finding herself comparatively neglected, addresses the Divine Power on the subject:—

"This enchanting maid,
The associate thou hast given me, her alone
He loves, O Father! absent, her he craves:
And but for her glad presence ever join'd,
Rejoices not in mine: that all my hopes,
This thy benignant purpose to fulfil,
I deem uncertain."

The Divine Power replies, that if man refuses to hearken to her dictates, or transfers to any other the homage due to her alone, the alluring Euphrosyne shall be prevented from accompanying her; and in her stead the genius of Pain shall be sent:—

"The fiend abhorr'd! whose vengeance takes account
Of sacred order's violated laws."

The disagreeable substitute is accordingly made, and the youth thus is at once punished for his imprudence, and driven to repentance. The monster "Pain" rushes upon him with fearful ferocity. The youth is struck with consternation and terror. Virtue hastens forward to save him:—

> "Soon the tyrant felt
> Her awful power. His keen tempestuous arm
> Hung nerveless, nor descended where his rage
> Had aim'd the deadly blow: then dumb retired
> With sullen rancour. Lo! the sovereign maid
> Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,
> Till life rekindles in his rosy cheek."

She then cheers him in a beautiful and consoling expostulation. She tells him that, although he had so ardently placed his desires on the divine Euphrosyne, to the neglect of the higher aims and duties of his being, which she alone was empowered to reveal to him, yet he might fear nothing from the monster, whom she would enable him to overcome, if he would only confront him with due energy and courage:—

> "Vehement and swift
> As lightning fires the aromatic shade
> In Ethiopian fields, the stripling felt
> Her inspiration catch his fervid soul."

He avows his determination henceforward to yield firm obedience to the Divine will, through all scenes of either toil or peril. Yet he pleads for the return of his beloved Euphrosyne, and for this he addresses a prayer to Heaven, which is granted, and Euphro-

syne returns to him, with a declaration that, while he confides in the aid of Virtue, she shall never leave him to the assaults of the fiend whose fierce malignity he had just experienced. The vision of the goddesses and the youth then vanishes, and Harmodius is addressed by the genius:—

"There let thy soul acknowledge its complaints,
How blind! how impious! There behold the ways
Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man,
Forever just, benevolent, and wise:
That *Virtue's* awful steps, howe'er pursued
By vexing fortune and intrusive pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant Pleasure."

The genius continues to inculcate that pleasure is derivable, by the virtuous man, from all conditions in which he can be placed, and from all the passions by which he can be actuated:—

"Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he loved,
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Would ne'er seduce his bosom to forget
That sacred hour, when stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remonstrance soothes,
With virtue's kindest looks, his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture."

The third book of the poem scarcely equals the preceding two, in the elevation and boldness of its

flights. But it is more perspicuous in its thoughts, and equally flowing and animated in its versification. One of its topics is remarkable for having excited a controversy which drew great attention during the last century, and does not seem even yet to be settled; namely, that ridicule is a test of truth. Akenside was not the father of this dogma, but he was its poetical sponsor. The celebrated Bishop Warburton, the commentator on Pope, assailed the position assumed by Akenside in this poem, with great force and severity. But our poet was zealously defended by his ever-constant friend, Mr. Dyson, with so much success at least as to induce several writers of the day to espouse his cause. That cause, however, was in itself too weak to enlist on its side any but men of eccentric modes of thinking, or of superficial understandings. The predominance of opinion was then, and ever since has been, decisively against it, not only as to the number, but the character and talents of its adversaries. Dr. Johnson calls it an idle question, and summarily disposes of it by assuming the incontrovertible position, that before ridicule be admitted as an evidence of truth or falsehood, it must itself be proved to be just. He might have gone farther, and shown, that even just ridicule is not, at all times, a test of falsehood. Ridicule attaches itself only to the externals of things, and is never successfully wielded even against externals, except when they are marked by something extravagant or absurd. It has no more to do with the truth or falsehood of a statement, than it has with

the warmth or coldness of the weather. On the one hand, truth may be so uttered—by a satirist or a stammerer, for instance—as to appear ridiculous; while, on the other, falsehood may be too grave—as the wilful perjury which occasions a judicial decision against the innocent—for ridicule. Contempt, anger, malice, or any other of the adverse feelings, might as well be termed the tests of truth as ridicule. The legitimate provocatives of ridicule are, in fact, only vanity and blundering folly. Unless connected with at least one of these, wickedness however great, and falsehood however palpable, will not excite ridicule. It is said that, in the revised copy of his work which he did not live to finish, Akenside omitted the passage in which the fallacious doctrine here exposed, is contained. In so doing, he afforded good proof of conviction that he had the worst of the argument.

The last paragraph of the poem begins with some of the most delicious and valuable lines in it; and they are so, because while they are equally harmonious in versification and splendid in diction, with any other part of it, they are unusually rich in pointed sentiment and clearness of expression. They remain with more tenacity on the memory, and are quoted more frequently than other portion of the poem:—

"O! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the siren! not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils

Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature, fair imagination culls
To charm th' enliven'd soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows, at large, whatever happy man
Will deign to use them."

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Difficulty of treating it poetically. ne ideas of the Divine Mind, the origin of every quality easing to the imagination. The natural variety of constiion in the minds of men; with its final cause. The idea a fine imagination, and the state of the mind in the enjoyent of those pleasures which it affords. All the primary easures of the imagination result from the perception of eatness, or wonderfulness, or beauty in objects. The pleare from greatness, with its final cause. Pleasure from nolty or wonderfulness, with its final cause. Pleasure from auty with its final cause. The connexion of beauty with ith and good, applied to the conduct of life. Invitation to e study of moral philosophy. The different degrees of auty, in different species of objects: colour; shape; natul concretes; vegetables; animals; the mind. The sublime, e fair, the wonderful of the mind. The connexion of the agination and the moral faculty. Conclusion.

THE

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK I.

Ασεβῆσμέν ἐσιν ἀνθρωπω τὰς ὦαρὰ τῦ θεω χάρθας ἀτιμάζειν.
Epict. apud Arrian. II. 13.

With what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touches the consenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleasing stores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's or the painter's toil;
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
Of musical delight! and while I sing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.
Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,
Indulgent fancy! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakspeare lies, be present: and with thee
Let fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thousand colours through the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will, through countless forms,

Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal harmony! descend,
And join this festive train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
Majestic truth; and where truth deigns to come,
Her sister liberty will not be far.
Be present, all ye genii, who conduct
The wandering footsteps of the youthful bard,
New to your springs and shades: who touch his ear
With finer sounds: who heighten to his eye
The bloom of nature; and before him turn
The gayest, happiest attitude of things.

Oft have the laws of each poetic strain
The critic-verse employ'd; yet still unsung
Lay this prime subject, though importing most
A poet's name: for fruitless is th' attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil
Obscure to conquer the severe ascent
Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genius; nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings,
Impatient of the painful steep, to soar
High as the summit; there to breathe at large
Ethereal air; with bards and sages old,
Immortal sons of praise. These flattering scenes,
To this neglected labour court my song;
Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task
To paint the finest features of the mind,

And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give colour, strength, and motion. But the love
Of nature and the muses bids explore,
Through secret paths erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,
And shade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.

From heaven my strains begin; from heaven descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe,
Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore
Then lived th' Almighty One: then, deep retired
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration; till in time complete,
What he admired and loved, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life in forming each organic frame,

Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves;
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal skies, and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life, to different labours urge
The active powers of man; with wise intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heaven; to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind
In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes
Were destined; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,

The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake th' eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains; e'en so did nature's hand
To certain species of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
Or of sweet sounds, or fair-proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive,
They catch the spreading rays; till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment: fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss: the intellectual power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And smiles: the passions, gently soothed away,
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy serene
As airs that fan the summer. O! attend,

Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,
Whose candid bosom the refining love
Of nature warms, O listen to my song;
And I will guide thee to her favourite walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant stores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms
With love and admiration thus inflame
The powers of fancy, her delighted sons
To three illustrious orders have referr'd;
Three sister graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue, confesses,—the sublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn!
I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
More lovely than when Lucifer displays
His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.

Say, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast,

And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding smile of heaven? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
With such resistless ardour, to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wild horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning through the heavens;

Or, yoked with whirlwinds, and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effused,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amazed she views
Th' empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
E'en on the barriers of the world untired
She meditates th' eternal depth below;
Till half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,

Through all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals, may th' eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine
Expand the blooming soul? What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom; choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty Wisdom; nature's happy cares
Th' obedient heart far otherwise incline.
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power
To brisker measures: witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, though beheld
With transport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things;
For such the bounteous providence of Heaven,
In every breast implanting this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
In truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove: the pensive sage,

Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untired
The virgin follows, with enchanted step,
The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pined. Hence, finally, by night
The village matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suspends the infant audience with her tales,
Breathing astonishment! of witching rhymes,
And evil spirits; of the death-bed call;
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.
At every solemn pause the crowd recoil,
Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
With shivering sighs; till eager for th' event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

But lo! disclosed in all her smiling pomp,
Where beauty onward moving claims the verse
Her charms inspire: the freely-flowing verse
In thy immortal praise, O form divine,
Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, beauty, thee,
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray

The mossy roofs adore: thou, better sun!
For ever beamest on th' enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brightest progeny of heaven!
How shall I trace thy features? where select
The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haste then, my song, through nature's wide expanse,
Haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing autumn to th' Atlantic isles,
And range with him th' Hesperian field, and see
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters grow
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume,
Where gliding through his daughter's honour'd
shades,
The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempé's pleasant scene?
Fair Tempé! haunt beloved of sylvan powers,
Of nymphs and fauns; where in the golden age
They play'd in secret on the shady brink
With ancient Pan; while round their choral steps
Young hours and genial gales with constant hand
Shower'd blossoms, odours, shower'd ambrosial dews,
And spring's Elysian bloom. Her flowery store

To thee nor Tempé shall refuse; nor watch
Of winged hydra guard Hesperian fruits
From thy free spoil. O bear then, unreproved,
Thy smiling treasures to the green recess
Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs
Entice her forth to lend her angel form
For beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy polish'd forehead: let thine eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks: disclosing, as it bends
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The cheek fair blooming, and the rosy lip,
Where winning smiles, and pleasures sweet as love,
With sanctity and wisdom tempering, blend
Their soft allurement. Then the pleasing force
Of nature, and her kind parental care,
Worthier I'd sing: then all th' enamour'd youth,
With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, while I point on high
Where beauty's living image, like the morn
That wakes in zephyr's arms the blushing May
Moves onward; or as Venus, when she stood
Effulgent on the pearly car, and smiled,
Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells.
And each cerulean sister of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
To seek the Idalian bower. Ye smiling band

Of youths and virgins, who through all the maze
Of young desire with rival steps pursue
This charm of beauty; if the pleasing toil
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and trust my words.
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of superstition dress'd in wisdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth,
To fright you from your joys: my cheerful song
With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleased with your generous ardour in the chase,
And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know,
Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health
And active use are strangers? Is her charm
Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless? Or did nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lie;
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
Of idle faith? O no: with better cares
Th' indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illustrious image, in each kind
Still most illustrious where the object holds
Its native powers most perfect, she by this
Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,
And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract

Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere,
Th' integrity and order of their frame,
When all is well within, and every end
Accomplish'd. Thus was beauty sent from heaven,
The lovely ministress of truth and good
In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
And beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore, then,
O sons of earth! would ye dissolve the tie?
O wherefore, with a rash, impetuous aim,
Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
Of lavish fancy paints each flattering scene
Where beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
To save your search from folly! Wanting these,
Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace,
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
Of youthful hope, that shines upon your hearts,
Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task,
To learn the lore of undeceitful good,
And truth eternal. Though the poisonous charms
Of baleful superstition guide the feet
Of servile numbers through a dreary way
To their abode, through deserts, thorns, and mire;
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn

To muse at last, amid the ghostly gloom
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells;
To walk with spectres through the midnight shade,
And to the screaming owl's accursed song
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart;
Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
Where wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,
Could my ambitious hand entwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then should my powerful verse at once dispel
Those monkish horrors: then in light divine
Disclose th' Elysian prospect, where the steps
Of those whom nature charms, through blooming walks,
Through fragrant mountains and poetic streams,
Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,
Led by their winged genius and the choir
Of laurell'd science, and harmonious art,
Proceed, exulting, to th' eternal shrine,
Where truth conspicuous with her sister twins,
The undivided partners of her sway,
With good and beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious pleasure's languid strain,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot rage,
O let us not a moment pause to join
That godlike band. And if the gracious Power
Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful spirit; then through all our paths,

Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting; whether on the rosy mead,
When summer smiles, to warm the melting heart
Of luxury's allurement; whether firm
Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
To urge bold virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the strong divinity of soul
That conquers chance and fate; or whether struck
For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise;
To trace her hallow'd light through future worlds,
And bless Heaven's image in the heart of man.

Thus with a faithful aim have we presumed,
Adventurous, to delineate nature's form;
Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd,
Or drest for pleasing wonder, or serene
In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,
Through various being's fair-proportion'd scale,
To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
From their first twilight, shining forth at length
To full meridian splendour. Of degree
The least and lowliest, in th' effusive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determined shape,
Where truth's eternal measures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
Unites this varied symmetry of parts

With colour's bland allurement; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted shells indent their speckled wreath.
Then more attractive rise the blooming forms,
Through which the breath of nature has infused
Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth,
In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flowers
Their purple honours with the spring resume;
And thus the stately tree with autumn bends
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
Is nature's charm, where to the full consent
Of complicated members to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are given,
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
So moves the bird of Juno; so the steed
With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
And faithful dogs, with eager airs of joy,
Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, e'en in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind:
By steps conducting our enraptured search
To that eternal origin, whose power,
Through all th' unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffused.
Mind, mind alone, (bear witness, earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here, hand in hand,

Sit paramount the graces; here enthroned,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
The strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail?
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free!—is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the scene?
Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
Where nature works in secret; view the beds

Of mineral treasure, and th' eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms
Of atoms moving with incessant change
Their elemental round; behold the seeds
Of being, and the energy of life,
Kindling the mass with ever-active flame.
Then to the secrets of the working mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
That saw the heavens created: then declare
If aught were found in those external scenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse; dull their charms
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye
Not so the moral species, nor the powers
Of genius and design; th' ambitious mind
There sees herself: by these congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well pleased
Her features in the mirror. For of all
Th' inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative Wisdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal measures; thence to frame
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,

And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
Assenting reason, the benignant sire,
To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,
Has added bright imagination's rays:
Where virtue, rising from the awful depth
Of truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
And, dress'd by fancy in ten thousand hues,
Assumes a various feature, to attract,
With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
Th' ingenuous youth, whom solitude inspires
With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of servile minds her strenuous form
Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
And through the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour, or, in act serene,
Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword
Of public power, from dark ambition's reach
To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
Well pleased I follow through the sacred paths
Of nature and of science; nurse divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair desires!

O ! let the breath of thy extended praise
Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm
That soothes this vernal evening into smiles,
I steal impatient from the sordid haunts
Of strife and low ambition, to attend
Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,
By their malignant footsteps ne'er profaned.
Descend, propitious ! to my favour'd eye;
Such in thy mein, thy warm, exalted air,
As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
To see thee rend the pageants of his throne;
And at the lightning of thy lifted spear
Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike sires
Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way
Through fair Lycéum's walk, the green retreat
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where, oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
Ilissus pure devolved his tuneful stream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store
Of these auspicious fields, may I unblamed
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
My native clime: while far above the flight
Of fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock

The springs of ancient wisdom! while I join
Thy name, thrice-honour'd! with th' immortal praise
Of nature, while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

The separation of the works of imagination from philoso-
ny, the cause of their abuse among the moderns. Prospect
their reunion under the influence of public liberty. Enu-
eration of accidental pleasures, which increase the effect
objects delightful to the imagination. The pleasures of
nse. Particular circumstances of the mind. Discovery
truth. Perception of contrivance and design. Emotion
the passions. All the natural passions partake of a pleas-
g sensation; with the final cause of this constitution illus-
ated by an allegorical vision, and exemplified in sorrow,
ty, terror, and indignation.

THE

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK II.

When shall the laurel and the vocal string
Resume their honours? When shall we behold
The tuneful tongue, the Promethean hand,
Inspire to ancient praise? Alas! how faint,
How slow, the dawn of beauty and of truth
Breaks the reluctant shades of Gothic night,
Which yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd
Beneath the furies of rapacious force;
Oft as the gloomy north, with iron swarms
Tempestuous pouring from her frozen caves,
Blasted th' Italian shore, and swept the works
Of liberty and wisdom down the gulf
Of all-devouring night. As long immured
In noontide darkness by the glimmering lamp,
Each muse and each fair science pined away
The sordid hours: while foul, barbarian hands
Their mysteries profaned, unstrung the lyre,
And chain'd the soaring pinion down to earth.
At last the Muses rose, and spurn'd their bounds,

And, wildly warbling, scatter'd, as they flew,
Their blooming wreaths from fair Valclusa's bowers
To Arno's myrtle border, and the shore
Of soft Parthenope. But still the rage
Of dire ambition and gigantic power,
From public aims and from the busy walk
Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train
Of penetrating science to the cells,
Where studious ease consumes the silent hour
In shadowy searches and unfruitful care.
Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts
Of mimic fancy, and harmonious joy,
To priestly domination and the lust
Of lawless courts, their amiable toil
For three inglorious ages have resign'd,
In vain reluctant: and Torquato's tongue
Was tuned for slavish pæans at the throne
Of tinsel pomp: and RAPHAEL's magic hand
Effused its fair creation to enchant
The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
To blind belief; while on their prostrate necks
The sable tyrant plants his heel secure.
But now, behold! the radiant era dawns,
When freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length
For endless years on Albion's happy shore
In full proportion, once more shall extend
To all the kindred powers of social bliss,
A common mansion, a parental roof.
There shall the virtues, there shall wisdom's train,
Their long-lost friends rejoining, as of old,

Embrace the smiling family of arts,
The muses and the graces. Then no more
Shall vice, distracting their delicious gifts
To aims abhorr'd, with high distaste and scorn
Turn from their charms the philosophic eye,
The patriot bosom; then no more the paths
Of public care or intellectual toil,
Alone by footsteps haughty and severe
In gloomy state be trod: th' harmonious muse,
And her persuasive sisters, then shall plant
Their sheltering laurels o'er the black ascent,
And scatter flowers along the rugged way.
Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dared
To pierce divine philosophy's retreats,
And teach the muse her lore; already strove
Their long-divided honours to unite,
While tempering this deep argument we sang
Of truth and beauty. Now the same glad task
Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
We hasten to recount the various springs
Of adventitious pleasure which adjoin
Their grateful influence to the prime effect
Of objects grand or beauteous, and enlarge
The complicated joy. The sweets of sense,
Do they not oft with kind accession flow,
To raise harmonious fancy's native charm?
So while we taste the fragrance of the rose,
Glows not her blush the fairer? While we view
Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill
Rush through the trickling herbage, to the thirst

Of summer yielding the delicious draught
Of cool refreshment; o'er the mossy brink
Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves
With sweeter music murmur as they flow?

Nor this alone; the various lot of life
Oft from external circumstance assumes
A moment's disposition to rejoice
In those delights which at a different hour
Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of spring,
When rural songs and odours wake the morn,
To every eye; but how much more to his
Round whom the bed of sickness long diffused
Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,
When first with fresh-born vigour he inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed sun
Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life
Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain!

Or shall I mention where celestial truth
Her awful light discloses, to bestow
A more majestic pomp on beauty's frame?
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
More welcome touch his understanding's eye,
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue. Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctured hues
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The hand of science pointed out the path
In which the sunbeams gleaming from the west

Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the orient; and that trickling shower
Piercing through every crystalline convex
Of clustering dew-drops to their flight opposed,
Recoil at length where concave all behind
Th' internal surface on each glassy orb
Repels their forward passage into air;
That thence direct they seek the radiant goal
From which their course began; and, as they strike
In different lines the gazer's obvious eye,
Assume a different lustre, through the brede
Of colours changing from the splendid rose
To the pale violet's dejected hue.

Or shall we touch that kind access of joy,
That springs to each fair object, while we trace
Through all its fabric, wisdom's artful aim
Disposing every part, and gaining still
By means proportion'd her benignant end?
Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose favour'd steps
The lamp of science, through the jealous maze
Of nature guides, when haply you reveal
Her secret honours: whether in the sky,
The beauteous laws of light, the central powers
That wheel the pensile planets round the year;
Whether in wonders of the rolling deep,
Or the rich fruits of all-sustaining earth,
Or fine adjusted springs of life and sense,
Ye scan the counsels of their Author's hand.

What, when to raise the meditated scene,
The flame of passion through the struggling soul
Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden blaze
The object of its rapture, vast of size,
With fiercer colours and a night of shade?
What? like a storm from their capacious bed
The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when the might
Of these eruptions, working from the depth
Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame
Even to the base; from every naked sense
Of pain or pleasure dissipating all
Opinion's feeble coverings, and the veil
Spun from the cobweb fashion of the times
To hide the feeling heart? Then nature speaks
Her genuine language, and the words of men,
Big with the very motion of their souls,
Declare with what accumulated force
Th' impetuous nerve of passion urges on
The native weight and energy of things.

Yet more; her honours where nor beauty claims
Nor shows of good the thirsty sense allure,
From passion's power alone our nature holds
Essential pleasure. Passion's fierce illapse
Rouses the mind's whole fabric; with supplies
Of daily impulse keeps th' elastic powers
Intensely poised, and polishes anew
By that collision all the fine machine:
Else rust would rise, and foulness, by degrees

Encumbering, choke at last what Heaven design'd
For ceaseless motion and a round of toil.
—But say, does every passion thus to man
Administer delight? That name indeed
Becomes the rosy breath of love; becomes
The radiant smiles of joy, th' applauding hand
Of admiration: but the bitter shower
That sorrow sheds upon a brother's grave,
But the dumb palsy of nocturnal fear,
Or those consuming fires that gnaw the heart
Of panting indignation, find we there
To move delight?—Then listen while my tongue
Th' unalter'd will of Heaven with faithful awe
Reveals; what old Harmodius wont to teach
My early age; Harmodius, who had weigh'd
Within his learned mind whate'er the schools
Of wisdom, or thy lonely-whispering voice,
O faithful nature! dictate of the laws
Which govern and support this mighty frame
Of universal being. Oft the hours
From morn to eve have stolen unmark'd away,
While mute attention hung upon his lips,
As thus the sage his awful tale began.

"'Twas in the windings of an ancient wood,
When spotless youth with solitude resigns
To sweet philosophy the studious day,
What time pale autumn shades the silent eve,
Musing I roved. Of good and evil much,
And much of mortal man, my thoughts revolved;

When starting full on fancy's gushing eye
The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,
That hour, O long beloved and long deplored!
When blooming youth, nor gentlest wisdom's arts,
Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,
Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears,
Avail'd to snatch thee from the cruel grave:
Thy agonizing looks, thy last farewell,
Struck to the inmost feeling of my soul
As with the hand of death. At once the shade
More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
With hoarser murmuring shook the branches. Dark
As midnight storms, the scene of human things
Appear'd before me: deserts, burning sands,
Where the parch'd adder dies; the frozen south,
And desolation blasting all the west
With rapine and with murder: tyrant power
Here sits enthroned with blood; the baleful charms
Of superstition there infect the skies,
And turn the sun to horror. Gracious Heaven!
What is the life of man? Or cannot these,
Not these portents thy awful will suffice?
That, propagated thus beyond their scope,
They rise to act their cruelties anew
In my afflicted bosom, thus decreed
The universal sensitive of pain,
The wretched heir of evils not its own!

"Thus I impatient; when at once effused,
A flashing torrent of celestial day

Burst through the shadowy void. With slow descent
A purple cloud came floating through the sky,
And, poised at length within the circling trees,
Hung obvious to my view; till opening wide
Its lucid orb, a more than human form
Emerging lean'd majestic o'er my head,
And instant thunder shook the conscious grove.
Then melted into air the liquid cloud,
Then all the shining vision stood reveal'd.
A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,
And o'er his shoulder, mantling to his knee,
Flow'd the transparent robe, around his waist
Collected with a radiant zone of gold
Ethereal: there in mystic signs engraved,
I read his office high, and sacred name,
Genius of human kind. Appall'd, I gazed
The godlike presence; for athwart his brow
Displeasure, temper'd with a mild concern,
Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words
Like distant thunders broke the murmuring air.

"'Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth!
And impotent thy tongue. Is thy short span
Capacious of this universal frame?
Thy wisdom all-sufficient? Thou, alas!
Dost thou aspire to judge between the Lord
Of nature and his works? to lift thy voice
Against the sovereign order he decreed,
All good and lovely? to blaspheme the bands
Of tenderness innate, and social love,

Holiest of things! by which the general orb
Of being, as by adamantine links,
Was drawn to perfect union, and sustain'd
From everlasting? Hast thou felt the pangs
Of softening sorrow, of indignant zeal,
So grievous to the soul, as thence to wish
The ties of nature broken from thy frame;
That so thy selfish, unrelenting heart
Might cease to mourn its lot, no longer then
The wretched heir of evils not its own?
O fair benevolence of generous minds!
O man by nature form'd for all mankind!'

"He spoke; abash'd and silent I remain'd,
As conscious of my tongue's offence, and awed
Before his presence, though my secret soul
Disdain'd the imputation. On the ground
I fix'd my eyes; till from his airy couch
He stoop'd sublime, and touching with his hand
My dazzling forehead, 'Raise thy sight,' he cried,
'And let thy sense convince thy erring tongue.'

"I look'd, and lo! the former scene was changed;
For verdant alleys and surrounding trees,
A solitary prospect, wide and wild,
Rush'd on my senses. 'Twas a horrid pile
Of hills, with many a shaggy forest mix'd,
With many a sable cliff and glittering stream.
Aloft, recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
The brown woods waved; while ever-trickling springs

ash'd from the naked roots of oak and pine
ne crumbling soil; and still at every fall
own the steep windings of the channel'd rock,
murmuring rush'd the congregated floods
ith hoarser inundation; till at last
ney reach'd a grassy plain, which from the skirts
f that high desert spread her verdant lap,
nd drank the gushing moisture, where, confine
one smooth current, o'er the lilied vale
learer than glass it flow'd. Autumnal spoils,
uxuriant spreading to the rays of morn,
lush'd o'er the cliffs, whose half-encircling mound
s in a sylvan theatre enclosed
hat flowery level. On the river's brink
spied a fair pavilion, which diffused
s floating umbrage 'mid the silver shade
f osiers. Now the western sun reveal'd
etween two parting cliffs his golden orb,
nd pour'd across the shadow of the hills,
n rocks and floods, a yellow stream of light
hat cheer'd the solemn scene. My listening powers
Were awed, and every thought in silence hung,
nd wondering expectation. Then the voice
f that celestial power, the mystic show
eclaring, thus my deep attention call'd.

" 'Inhabitants of earth, to whom is given
he gracious ways of Providence to learn,
eceive my sayings with a steadfast ear—
now then, the sovereign Spirit of the world,

Though, self-collected from eternal time,
Within his own deep essence he beheld
The bounds of true felicity complete;
Yet by immense benignity inclined
To spread around him that primeval joy
Which fill'd himself, he raised his plastic arm,
And sounded through the hollow depth of space
The strong, creative mandate. Straight arose
These heavenly orbs, the glad abodes of life
Effusive kindled by his breath divine
Through endless forms of being. Each inhaled
From him its portion of the vital flame,
In measure such, that, from the wide complex
Of coexistent orders, one might rise,
One order, all-involving and entire.
He too, beholding in the sacred light
Of his essential reason, all the shapes
Of swift contingence, all successive ties
Of action propagated through the sum
Of possible existence, he at once,
Down the long series of eventful time,
So fix'd the dates of being, so disposed
To every living soul of every kind
The field of motion and the hour of rest,
That all conspired to his supreme design,
To universal good: with full accord
Answering the mighty model he had chosen,
The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds,
That lay from everlasting in the store
Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,

By one exertion of creative power
His goodness to reveal; through every age,
Through every moment up the tract of time,
His parent hand, with ever-new increase
Of happiness and virtue, has adorn'd
The vast harmonious frame: his parent hand,
From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
To men, to angels, to celestial minds,
For ever leads the generations on
To higher scenes of being; while, supplied
From day to day with his enlivening breath,
Inferior orders in succession rise
To fill the void below. As flame ascends,
As bodies to their proper centre move,
As the poised ocean to th' attracting moon
Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
Devolves its winding waters to the main;
So all things which have life aspire to God,
The sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,
Centre of souls! Nor does the faithful voice
Of nature cease to prompt their eager steps
Aright: nor is the care of Heaven withheld
From granting to the task proportion'd aid;
That in their stations all may persevere
To climb th' ascent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.

"'That rocky pile thou seest, that verdant lawn,
Fresh-water'd from the mountains. Let the scene
Paint in thy fancy the primeval seat

Of man, and where the will supreme ordain'd
His mansion, that pavilion fair diffused
Along the shady brink; in this recess
To wear th' appointed season of his youth,
Till riper hours should open to his toil
The high communion of superior minds,
Of consecrated heroes and of gods.
Nor did the Sire Omnipotent forget
His tender bloom to cherish; nor withheld
Celestial footsteps from his green abode.
Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,
He sent whom most he loved, the sovereign fair,
The effluence of his glory, whom he placed
Before his eyes for ever to behold;
The goddess from whose inspiration flows
The toil of patriots, the delight of friends;
Without whose work divine, in heaven or earth,
Naught lovely, naught propitious comes to pass,
Nor hope, nor praise, nor honour. Her the Sire
Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,
The folded powers to open, to direct
The growth luxuriant of his young desires,
And from the laws of this majestic world
To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph
Her daily care attended, by her side
With constant steps her gay companion stay'd,
The fair Euphrosyné, the gentle queen
Of smiles, and graceful gladness, and delights
That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men
And powers immortal. See the shining pair!

Behold, where from his dwelling now disclosed,
They quit their youthful charge and seek the skies.'

"I look'd, and on the flowery turf there stood,
Between two radiant forms, a smiling youth,
Whose tender cheeks display'd the vernal flower
Of beauty; sweetest innocence illumed
His bashful eyes, and on his polish'd brow
Sate young simplicity. With fond regard
He view'd th' associates, as their steps they moved;
The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,
With mild regret invoking her return.
Bright as the star of evening she appear'd
Amid the dusky scene. Eternal youth
O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd;
And smiles eternal from her candid eyes
Flow'd, like the dewy lustre of the morn
Effusive trembling on the placid waves.
The spring of heaven had shed its blushing spoils
To bind her sable tresses: full diffused
Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;
And in her hand she waved a living branch
Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm
The wrathful heart, and from the brightening eyes
To chase the cloud of sadness. More sublime
The heavenly partner moved. The prime of age
Composed her steps. The presence of a god,
High on the circle of her brow enthroned,
From each majestic motion darted awe,
Devoted awe! till, cherish'd by her looks

Benevolent and meet, confiding love
To filial rapture soften'd all the soul.
Free in her graceful hand she poised the sword
Of chaste dominion. An heroic crown
Display'd the old simplicity of pomp
Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe,
White as the sunshine streams through vernal clouds,
Her stately form invested. Hand in hand
Th' immortal pair forsook th' enamel'd green,
Ascending slowly. Rays of limpid light
Gleam'd round their path; celestial sounds were heard,
And through the fragrant air ethereal dews
Distill'd around them; till at once the clouds
Disparting wide in midway sky withdrew
Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse
Of empyréan flame, where, spent and drown'd,
Afflicted vision plunged in vain to scan
What object it involved. My feeble eyes
Endured not. Bending down to earth, I stood,
With dumb attention. Soon a female voice,
As watery murmurs sweet, or warbling shades,
With sacred invocation thus began.

"'Father of gods and mortals! whose right arm
With reins eternal guides the moving heavens,
Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well pleased
I seek to finish thy divine decree.
With frequent steps I visit yonder seat
Of man, thy offspring; from the tender seeds

Of justice and of wisdom, to evolve
The latent honours of his generous frame;
Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot
From earth's dim scene to these ethereal walks,
The temple of thy glory. But not me,
Not my directing voice, he oft requires,
Or hears delighted: this enchanting maid,
Th' associate thou hast given me, her alone
He loves, O Father! absent, her he craves;
And but for her glad presence ever join'd
Rejoices not in mine: that all my hopes
This thy benignant purpose to fulfil,
I deem uncertain; and my daily cares
Unfruitful all and vain, unless by thee
Still further aided in the work divine.'

"She ceased; a voice more awful thus replied;
'O thou! in whom for ever I delight,
Fairer than all th' inhabitants of heaven,
Best image of thy author! far from thee
Be disappointment, or distaste, or blame;
Who, soon or late, shall every work fulfil,
And no resistance find. If man refuse
To hearken to thy dictates; or allured
By meaner joys, to any other power
Transfer the honours due to thee alone;
That joy which he pursues he ne'er shall taste,
That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold.
Go then, once more, and happy be thy toil:
Go then! but let not this thy smiling friend

Partake thy footsteps. In her stead, behold!
With thee the son of Nemesis I send;
The fiend abhorr'd! whose vengeance takes account
Of sacred order's violated laws.
See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
Fierce to exhaust the tempest of his wrath
On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,
Control his cruel frenzy, and protect
Thy tender charge; that when despair shall grasp
His agonizing bosom, he may learn,
Then he may learn to love the gracious hand
Alone sufficient in the hour of ill
To save his feeble spirit; then confess
Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair!
When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
Of this avenging demon, all the storms
Of night infernal, serve but to display
The energy of thy superior charms
With mildest awe triumphant o'er his rage,
And shining clearer in the horrid gloom.'

"Here ceased that awful voice, and soon I felt
The cloudy curtain of refreshing eve
Was closed once more, from that immortal fire
Sheltering my eyelids. Looking up, I view'd
A vast gigantic spectre striding on
Through murmuring thunders and a waste of clouds,
With dreadful action. Black as night, his brow
Relentless frowns involved. His savage limbs
With sharp impatience violent he writh'd,

As through convulsive anguish; and his hand,
Arm'd with a scorpion-lash, full oft he raised
In madness to his bosom: while his eyes
Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud, he shook
The void with horror. Silent by his side
The virgin came. No discomposure stirr'd
Her features. From the gloom which hung around
No stain of darkness mingled with the beam
Of her divine effulgence. Now they stoop
Upon the river-bank; and now, to hail
His wonted guests, with eager steps advanced
The unsuspecting inmate of the shade.

"As when a famish'd wolf, that all night long
Had ranged the Alpine snows, by chance at morn
Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the smoke
Of some lone village, a neglected kid
That strays along the wild for herb or spring;
Down from the winding ridge he sweeps amain,
And thinks he tears him: so with tenfold rage,
The monster sprung remorseless on his prey
Amazed the stripling stood: with panting breast
Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail
Of helpless consternation, struck at once,
And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld
His terror, and with looks of tenderest care
Advanced to save him. Soon the tyrant felt
Her awful power. His keen, tempestuous arm
Hung nerveless, nor descended where his rage
Had aim'd the deadly blow: then dumb retired

With sullen rancour. Lo! the sovereign maid
Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,
Till life rekindles in his rosy cheek;
Then grasps his hands, and cheers him with her tongue.

"'O wake thee, rouse thy spirit! Shall the spite
Of yon tormentor thus appal thy heart,
While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand
To rescue and to heal? O let thy soul
Remember, what the will of Heaven ordains
Is ever good for all; and if for all,
Then good for thee. Not only by the warmth
And soothing sunshine of delightful things,
Do minds grow up and flourish. Oft misled
By that bland light, the young unpractised views
Of reason wander through a fatal road,
Far from their native aim; as if to lie
Inglorious in the fragrant shade, and wait
The soft access of ever-circling joys,
Were all the end of being. Ask thyself,
This pleasing error did it never lull
Thy wishes? Has thy constant heart refused
The silken fetters of delicious ease?
Or when divine Euphrosyné appear'd
Within this dwelling, did not thy desires
Hang far below the measure of thy fate,
Which I reveal'd before thee? and thy eyes,
Impatient of my counsels, turn away
To drink the soft effusion of her smiles?

Know then, for this the everlasting Sire
Deprives thee of her presence, and instead,
O wise and still benevolent! ordains
This horrid visage hither to pursue
My steps; that so thy nature may discern
Its real good, and what alone can save
Thy feeble spirit in this hour of ill
From folly and despair. O yet beloved!
Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
Thy scatter'd powers; nor fatal deem the rage
Of this tormentor, nor his proud assault,
While I am here to vindicate thy toil
Above the generous question of thy arm.
Brave by thy fears, and in thy weakness strong,
This hour he triumphs; but confront his might,
And dare him to the combat, then with ease
Disarm'd and quell'd, his fierceness he resigns
To bondage and to scorn; while thus inured
By watchful danger, by unceasing toil,
Th' immortal mind, superior to his fate,
Amid the outrage of external things,
Firm as the solid base of this great world,
Rests on his own foundations. Blow, ye winds!
Ye waves! ye thunders! roll your tempest on;
Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky!
Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
Be loosen'd from their seats; yet still serene,
Th' unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck;
And ever stronger as the storms advance,

Firm through the closing ruin holds his way,
Where nature calls him to the destined goal.'

"So spake the goddess; while through all her frame
Celestial raptures flow'd, in every word,
In every motion kindling warmth divine
To seize who listen'd. Vehement and swift,
As lightning fires the aromatic shade
In Ethiopian fields, the stripling felt
Her inspiration catch his fervid soul,
And, starting from his languor, thus exclaim'd:—

"'Then let the trial come! and witness thou,
If terror be upon me; if I shrink
To meet the storm, or falter in my strength
When hardest it besets me. Do not think
That I am fearful and infirm of soul,
As late thy eyes beheld: for thou hast changed
My nature; thy commanding voice has waked
My languid powers to bear me boldly on,
Where'er the will divine my path ordains
Through toil or peril: only do not thou
Forsake me; O be thou for ever near,
That I may listen to thy sacred voice,
And guide by thy decrees my constant feet.
But say, for ever are my eyes bereft?
Say, shall the fair Euphrosyné not once
Appear again to charm me? Thou, in heaven!
O thou eternal arbiter of things!

Be thy great bidding done: for who am I,
To question thy appointment? Let the frowns
Of this avenger every morn o'ercast
The cheerful dawn, and every evening damp
With double night my dwelling; I will learn
To hail them both, and unrepining bear
His hateful presence; but permit my tongue
One glad request, and if my deeds may find
Thy awful eye propitious, O restore
The rosy-featured maid, again to cheer
This lonely seat, and bless me with her smiles.'

"He spoke; when instant through the sable glooms
With which that furious presence had involved
The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
Swift as the lightning flash; the melting clouds
Flew diverse, and amid the blue serene
Euphrosyné appear'd. With sprightly step
The nymph alighted on th' irriguous lawn,
And to her wondering audience thus began.

"'Lo! I am here to answer to your vows,
And be the meeting fortunate! I come
With joyful tidings; we shall part no more.—
Hark! how the gentle echo from her cell
Talks through the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the stream
Repeats the accents—we shall part no more.
O my delightful friend! well pleased on high

The Father has beheld you, while the might
Of that stern foe with bitter trial proved
Your equal doings; then for ever spake
The high decree: That thou, celestial maid!
Howe'er that grisly phantom on thy steps
May sometimes dare intrude, yet never more
Shalt thou, descending to th' abode of man,
Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
Or leave thy loved Euphrosyné behind.'

"She ended; and the whole romantic scene
Immediate vanish'd; rocks, and woods, and rills,
The mantling tent, and each mysterious form,
Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,
When sunshine fills the bed. A while I stood
Perplex'd and giddy; till the radiant power
Who bade the visionary landscape rise,
As up to him I turn'd, with gentlest looks
Preventing my inquiry, thus began.

"'There let thy soul acknowledge its complaint,
How blind! how impious! There behold the ways
Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man,
For ever just, benevolent, and wise:
That virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursued
By vexing fortune and intrusive pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant, pleasure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this existence, that thy softening soul

At length may learn what energy the hand
Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of passion, swelling with distress and pain,
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
Of cordial pleasure? Ask the faithful youth
Why the cold urn of her whom long he loved
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while sacred pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair:
While every mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and, pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down: O! deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by nature given
To mutual terror and compassion's tears?

No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers
To this their proper action and their end?
—Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye,
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
For Grecian heroes, where the present power
Of heaven and earth surveys th' immortal page,
E'en as a father blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son. If then thy soul,
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
Say when the prospect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of curst ambition; when the pious band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their sires,
Lie side by side in gore; when ruffian pride
Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish, empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee; when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
And storied arch, to glut the coward rage
Of regal envy, strew the public way

With hallow'd ruins; when the muse's haunt,
The marble porch where wisdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Or female superstition's midnight prayer;
When ruthless rapine from the hand of time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
To sweep the works of glory from their base;
Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street
Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,
Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds
That clasp the mouldering column; thus defaced,
Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove,
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
The big distress? Or wouldst thou then exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
And says within himself—I am a king,
And wherefore should the clamorous voice of wo
Intrude upon mine ear?—The baleful dregs
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught

Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
Blest be th' eternal Ruler of the world!
Defiled to such a depth of sordid shame
The native honours of the human soul,
Nor so effaced the image of its Sire.'

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Pleasure in observing the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or absurd. The origin of vice, from false representations of the fancy, producing false opinions concerning good and evil. Inquiry into ridicule. The general sources of ridicule in the minds and characters of men, enumerated. Final cause of the sense of ridicule. The resemblance of certain aspects of inanimate things to the sensations and properties of the mind. The operations of the mind in the production of the works of imagination, described. The secondary pleasure from imitation. The benevolent order of the world illustrated in the arbitrary connexion of these pleasures with the objects which excite them. The nature and conduct of taste. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages resulting from a sensible and well-formed imagination.

THE

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK III.

What wonder, therefore, since th' endearing ties
f passion link the universal kind
f man so close, what wonder if to search
his common nature through the various change
f sex and age, and fortune, and the frame
f each peculiar, draw the busy mind
Vith unresisted charms? The spacious west,
nd all the teeming regions of the south,
Iold not a quarry, to the curious flight
f knowledge, half so tempting or so fair,
s man to man. Nor only where the smiles
)f love invite; nor only where th' applause
)f cordial honour turns th' attentive eye
)n virtue's graceful deeds. For since the course
)f things external acts in different ways
)n human apprehensions, as the hand
)f nature temper'd to a different frame
'eculiar minds; so haply where the powers
'f fancy neither lessen nor enlarge

The images of things, but paint, in all
Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
In nature; there opinion will be true,
And action right. For action treads the path
In which opinion says he follows good,
Or flies from evil; and opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the scene
Was drawn by fancy, lovely or deform'd:
Thus her report can never there be true,
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye
With glaring colours and distorted lines.
Is there a man, who at the sound of death
Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjured up,
And black before him; naught but death-bed groans
And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink
Of light and being, down the gloomy air
An unknown depth? Alas! in such a mind,
If no bright forms of excellence attend
The image of his country; nor the pomp
Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice
Of justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes
The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame;
Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to betray his country? And in act
Will he not choose to be a wretch and live?
Here vice begins then. From th' enchanting cup
Which fancy holds to all, th' unwary thirst
Of youth oft swallows a Circæan draught,
That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye

Of reason, till no longer he discerns,
And only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that spurns him from the throne!
And all is uproar. Thus ambition grasps
The empire of the soul: thus pale revenge
Unsheaths her murderous dagger; and the hands
Of lust and rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey: thus all the plagues
The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
The tragic muse discloses, under shapes
Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease, or pomp,
Stole first into the mind. Yet not by all
Those lying forms which fancy in the brain
Engenders, are the kindling passions driven
To guilty deeds; nor reason bound in chains,
That vice alone may lord it; oft adorn'd
With solemn pageants, folly mounts the throne,
And plays her idiot-antics, like a queen.
A thousand garbs she wears; a thousand ways
She wheels her giddy empire.—Lo! thus far
With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre
I sing of nature's charms, and touch well pleased
A stricter note; now haply must my song
Unbend her serious measure, and reveal
In lighter strains, how folly's awkward arts
Excite impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
The sportive province of the comic muse.
See! in what crowds the uncouth forms advance:
Each would outstrip the other, each prevent

Our careful search, and offer to your gaze,
Unask'd, his motley features. Wait a while,
My curious friends! and let us first arrange,
In proper order your promiscuous throng.

Behold the foremost band; of slender thought
And easy faith; whom flattering fancy soothes
With lying spectres, in themselves to view
Illustrious forms of excellence and good,
That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts
They spread their spurious treasures to the sun,
And bid the world admire! but chief the glance
Of wishful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
And lifts with self-applause each lordly brow.
In numbers boundless as the blooms of spring,
Behold their glaring idols, empty shades
By fancy gilded o'er, and then set up
For adoration. Some in learning's garb,
With formal band, and sable-cinctured gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
With martial splendour, steely pikes, and swords
Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes
Inwrought with flowery gold, assume the port
Of stately valour: listening by his side
There stands a female form; to her, with looks
Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms,
And sulphurous mines, and ambush; then at once
Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
And asks some wondering question of her fears.

)thers of graver mein; behold, adorn'd
Vith holy ensigns, how sublime they move,
nd, bending oft their sanctimonious eyes,
'ake homage of the simple-minded throng;
mbassadors of Heaven! Nor much unlike
s he whose visage, in the lazy mist
'hat mantles every feature, hides a brood
)f politic conceits; of whispers, nods,
nd hints deep-omen'd with unwieldy schemes,
nd dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,
'rodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
'our dauntless in, and swell the boastful band.

Then comes the second order, all who seek
'he debt of praise, where watchful unbelief
)arts through the thin pretence her squinting eye
)n some retired appearance, which belies
'he boasted virtue, or annuls th' applause
'hat justice else would pay. Here side by side
see two leaders of the solemn train
pproaching: one, a female old and gray,
Vith eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
'ale as the cheeks of death; yet still she stuns
'he sickening audience with a nauseous tale;
Iow many youths her myrtle chains have worn,
Iow many virgins at her triumphs pined!
'et how resolved she guards her cautious heart;
uch is her terror at the risks of love,
nd man's seducing tongue! The other seems
bearded sage, ungentle in his mien,

And sordid all his habit; peevish want
Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
He stalks, resounding in magnific phrase
The vanity of riches, the contempt
Of pomp and power. Be prudent in your zeal,
Ye grave associates! let the silent grace
Of her who blushes at the fond regard
Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold
The praise of spotless honour: let the man
Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp
And ample store, but as indulgent streams
To cheer the barren soil and spread the fruits
Of joy, let him by juster measures fix
The price of riches and the end of power.

Another tribe succeeds; deluded long
By fancy's dazzling optics, these behold
The images of some peculiar things
With brighter hues resplendent, and portray'd
With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart
Pants with delirious hope for tinsel charms;
Hence oft, obtrusive on the eye of scorn,
Untimely zeal her witless pride betrays!
And serious manhood, from the towering aim
Of wisdom, stoops to emulate the boast
Of childish toil. Behold yon mystic form,
Bedeck'd with feathers, insects, weeds, and shells!
Not with intenser view the Samian sage
Bent his fix'd eye on heaven's intenser fires,

When first the order of that radiant scene
swell'd his exulting thought, than this surveys
a muckworm's entrails or a spider's fang.
Next him a youth, with flowers and myrtles crown'd,
attends that virgin form, and blushing kneels,
With fondest gesture and a suppliant's tongue,
To win her coy regard: adieu, for him,
The dull engagements of the bustling world!
Adieu the sick impertinence of praise!
And hope and action! for with her alone
By streams and shades, to steal these sighing hours
Is all he asks, and all that fate can give!
Thee too, facetious Momion, wandering here,
Thee, dreaded censor, oft have I beheld
Bewilder'd unawares: alas! too long
Flush'd with thy comic triumphs and the spoils
Of sly derision! till on every side
Hurling thy random bolts, offended truth
Assign'd thee here thy station with the slave
Of folly. Thy once formidable name
Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
In scoffs and mockery, bandied from the lips
Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
So oft the patient victims of thy scorn.

But now, ye gay! to whom indulgent fate,
Of all the muse's empire, hath assign'd
The fields of folly, hither each advance
Your sickles; here the teeming soil affords
Its richest growth. A favourite brood appears;

In whom the demon, with a mother's joy,
Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
At full repaid. Ye most illustrious band!
Who, scorning reason's tame, pedantic rules,
And order's vulgar bondage, never meant
For souls sublime as yours, with generous zeal
Pay vice the reverence virtue long usurp'd,
And yield deformity the fond applause
Which beauty wont to claim; forgive my song,
That for the blushing diffidence of youth,
It shuns th' unequal province of your praise.

Thus far triumphant in the pleasing guile
Of bland imagination, folly's train
Have dared our search; but now a dastard kind
Advance reluctant, and with faltering feet
Shrink from the gazer's eye; enfeebled hearts
Whom fancy chills with visionary fears,
Or bends to servile tameness with conceits
Of shame, of evil, or of base defect,
Fantastic and delusive. Here the slave
Who droops abash'd when sullen pomp surveys
His humbler habit; here the trembling wretch
Unnerved and struck with terror's icy bolts,
Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in shameful tears,
At every dream of danger; here subdued
By frontless laughter, and the hardy scorn
Of old, unfeeling vice, the abject soul,
Who blushing half resigns the candid praise
Of temperance and honour; half disowns

freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride;
nd hears with sickly smiles the venal mouth
Vith foulest license mock the patriot's name.

Last of the motley bands on whom the power
f gay derision bends her hostile aim,
s that where shameful ignorance presides.
eneath her sordid banners, lo! they march,
ike blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands
ttempt, confusion straight appears behind,
nd troubles all the work. Through many a maze,
erplex'd they struggle, changing every path,
'erturning every purpose; then at last
it down dismay'd, and leave th' entangled scene
or scorn to sport with. Such then is th' abode
f folly in the mind; and such the shapes
n which she governs her obsequious train.

Through every scene of ridicule in things
o lead the tenour of my devious lay;
hrough every swift occasion, which the hand
f laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
istends her sallying nerves and chokes her tongue;
Vhat were it but to count each crystal drop
Vhich morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
f May distil? Suffice it to have said,
Vhere'er the power of ridicule displays
er quaint-eyed visage, some incongruous form,
ome stubborn dissonance of things combined,
trikes on the quick observer; whether pomp,

Or praise, or beauty, mix their partial claim
Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity are wont to dwell;
Or whether these with violation loath'd
Invade resplendent pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.

Ask we for what fair end, th' Almighty Sire
In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt,
These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
Educing pleasure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy steps of reason, and at once
By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
The giddy aims of folly? Though the light
Of truth, slow dawning on th' inquiring mind,
At length unfolds, through many a subtle tie,
How these uncouth disorders end at last
In public evil; yet benignant Heaven,
Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
To thousands; conscious what a scanty pause
From labours and from care, the wider lot
Of humble life affords for studious thought
To scan the maze of nature; therefore stamp'd
The glaring scenes with characters of scorn,
As broad, as obvious, to the passing clown,
As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

Such are the various aspects of the mind—
Some heavenly genius, whose unclouded thoughts
Attain that secret harmony which blends

Th' ethereal spirit with its mould of clay;
O! teach me to reveal the graceful charm
That searchless nature o'er the sense of man
Diffuses, to behold, in lifeless things,
The inexpressive semblance of himself,
Of thought and passion. Mark the sable woods
That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow;
With what religious awe the solemn scene
Commands your steps! as if the reverend form
Of Minos or of Numa should forsake
Th' Elysian seats, and down th' embowering glade
Move to your pausing eye! Behold th' expanse
Of yon gay landscape, where the silver clouds
Flit o'er the heavens before the sprightly breeze:
Now their gray cincture skirts the doubtful sun;
Now streams of splendour, through their opening veil
Effulgent, sweep from off the gilded lawn
Th' aërial shadows; on the curling brook,
And on the shady margin's quivering leaves
With quickest lustre glancing; while you view
The prospect, say, within your cheerful breast
Plays not the lively sense of winning mirth
With clouds and sunshine checker'd, while the round
Of social converse, to th' inspiring tongue
Of some gay nymph amid her subject train,
Moves all obsequious? Whence is this effect,
This kindred power of such discordant things?
Or flows their semblance from that mystic tone
To which the new-born mind's harmonious powers

At first were strung? Or rather from the links
Which artful custom twines around her frame?

For when the different images of things,
By chance combined, have struck th' attentive soul
With deeper impulse, or connected long,
Have drawn her frequent eye; howe'er distinct
Th' external scenes, yet oft the ideas gain
From that conjunction an eternal tie,
And sympathy unbroken. Let the mind
Recall one partner of the various league,
Immediate, lo! the firm confederates rise,
And each his former station straight resumes:
One movement governs the consenting throng,
And all at once with rosy pleasure shine,
Or all are sadden'd with the glooms of care.
'Twas thus, if ancient fame the truth unfold,
Two faithful needles, from th' informing touch
Of the same parent stone, together drew
Its mystic virtue, and at first conspired
With fatal impulse quivering to the pole;
Then, though disjoin'd by kingdoms, though the main
Roll'd its broad surge betwixt, and different stars
Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserved
The former friendship, and remember'd still
The alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
Which one possess'd, nor pause, nor quiet knew
The sure associate, ere with trembling speed
He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.
Such is the secret union, when we feel

A song, a flower, a name, at once restore
Those long connected scenes where first they moved
Th' attention; backward through her mazy walks
Guiding the wanton fancy to her scope,
To temples, courts, or fields; with all the band
Of painted forms, of passions and designs
Attendant: whence, if pleasing in itself,
The prospect from that sweet accession gains
Redoubled influence o'er the listening mind.

By these mysterious ties the busy power 348
Of memory her ideal train preserves
Entire; or when they would elude her watch,
Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
The various forms of being, to present,
Before the curious aim of mimic art,
Their largest choice; like spring's unfolded blooms
Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee
May taste at will from their selected spoils
To work her dulcet food. For not th' expanse
Of living lakes in summer's noontide calm,
Reflects the bordering shade, and sunbright heavens,
With fairer semblance; not the sculptured gold
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he, whose birth the sister powers of art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial star
Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind;
Than his attemper'd bosom must preserve
The seal of nature. There alone unchanged,

Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
There breathe perennial sweets: the trembling chord
Resounds for ever in th' abstracted ear,
Melodious: and the virgin's radiant eye,
Superior to disease, to grief, and time,
Shines with un'bating lustre. Thus at length
Endow'd with all that nature can bestow,
The child of fancy oft in silence bends
O'er these mixt treasures of his pregnant breast,
With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things;
And win he knows not what sublime reward
Of praise and wonder. By degrees, the mind
Feels her young nerves dilate: the plastic powers
Labour for action: blind emotions heave
His bosom, and with loveliest frenzy caught,
From earth to heaven he rolls his daring eye,
From heaven to earth. Anon ten thousand shapes,
Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
Flit swift before him. From the womb of earth,
From ocean's bed, they come; th' eternal heavens
Disclose their splendours, and the dark abyss
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the rising phantoms. Now compares
Their different forms; now blends them, now divides,
Enlarges, and extenuates by turns;
Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
And infinitely varies. Hither now,
Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,
With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan

Begins to open. Lucid order dawns;
And as from chaos old the jarring seeds
Of nature at the voice divine repair'd
Each to its place, till rosy earth unveil'd
Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful sun
Sprung up the blue serene; by swift degrees
Thus disentangled, his entire design
Emerges. Colours mingle, features join,
And lines converge; the fainter parts retire;
The fairer eminent in light advance;
And every image on its neighbour smiles.
A while he stands, and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Promethéan art,
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception; which, embodied thus,
And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears
An object ascertain'd; while thus inform'd,
The various organs of his mimic skill,
The consonance of sounds, the featured rock,
The shadowy picture and impassion'd verse,
Beyond their proper powers attract the soul
By that expressive semblance, while in sight
Of nature's great original we scan
The lively child of art; while line by line,
And feature after feature, we refer
To that sublime exemplar whence it stole
Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
Betwixt them wavering hangs: applauding love
Doubts where to choose; and mortal man aspires
To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud

Or gathering hail, with limpid crusts of ice
Enclosed and obvious to the beaming sun,
Collects his large effulgence; straight the heavens
With equal flames present on either hand
The radiant visage: Persia stands at gaze,
Appall'd; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
The snowy-vested seer, in MITHRA's name,
To which the fragrance of the south shall burn,
To which his warbled orisons ascend.

437 Such various bliss the well-tuned heart enjoys,
Favour'd of Heaven! while, plunged in sordid cares,
Th' unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine;
And harsh austerity, from whose rebuke
Young love and smiling wonder shrink away
Abash'd, and chill of heart, with sager frowns
Condemns the fair enchantment. On my strain,
Perhaps e'en now some cold, fastidious judge
Casts a disdainful eye; and calls my toil,
And calls the love and beauty which I sing,
The dream of folly. Thou, grave censor! say,
Is beauty then a dream, because the glooms
Of dulness hang too heavy on thy sense,
To let her shine upon thee? So the man
Whose eye ne'er open'd on the light of heaven,
Might smile with scorn while raptured vision tells
Of the gay-colour'd radiance flushing bright
O'er all creation. From the wise be far
Such gross, unhallow'd pride; nor needs my song
Descend so low; but rather now unfold,

If human thought could reach, or words unfold,
By what mysterious fabric of the mind,
The deepfelt joys and harmony of sound
Result from airy motion; and from shape
The lovely phantoms of sublime and fair.
By what fine ties hath God connected things
When present in the mind, which in themselves
Have no connexion? Sure the rising sun
O'er the cerulean convex of the sea,
With equal brightness and with equal warmth
Might roll his fiery orb; nor yet the soul
Thus feel her frame expanded, and her powers
Exulting in the splendour she beholds;
Like a young conqueror moving through the pomp
Of some triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
Soft murmuring streams and gales of gentlest breath
Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain
Attemper, could not man's discerning ear
Through all its tones the sympathy pursue;
Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy
Steal through his veins, and fan th' awaken'd heart,
Mild as the breeze, yet rapturous as the song?

But were not nature still endow'd at large
With all which life requires, though unadorn'd
With such enchantment: wherefore then her form
So exquisitely fair? her breath perfumed
With such ethereal sweetness? whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raise or to repress
Th' impassion'd soul? and whence the robes of light

Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can describe? Whence but from Thee,
O source divine of ever-flowing love,
And thy unmeasured goodness? Not content
With every food of life to nourish man,
By kind illusions of the wondering sense
Thou makest all nature beauty to his eye,
Or music to his ear; well pleased he scans
The goodly prospect; and with inward smiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal splendour; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds
Than space, or motion, or eternal time;
So sweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed soul; to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the destined road of life
Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
Th' adventurous hero, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad surprise, by secret spells
Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils,
A visionary paradise disclosed
Amid the dubious wild: with streams, and shades,
And airy songs, th' enchanted landscape smiles,
Cheers his long labours, and renews his frame.

What then is taste, but these internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarranged, or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though Heaven
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend

His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence, when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, SHAKSPEARE looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But WALLER longs,
All on the margin of some flowery stream,
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantain shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resound soft-warbling all the livelong day:
Consenting zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men.

O! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the siren! not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which, from the store
Of nature, fair imagination culls

To charm th' enliven'd soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows, at large, whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for th' attentive mind, 599
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home

To find a kindred order to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his the relish of their souls.

ROGERS'

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

IN TWO PARTS.

MEMOIR

OF

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Few poets of any note have been so highly favoured by the gifts of fortune as the author of the Pleasures of Memory. He never knew what it was to write for bread or to sing for hire. The power of his strains owes nothing to the stimulus of poverty, nor does their plaintiveness owe any thing to its anxieties or humiliations. Born to opulence, educated with care, and passing a life, which has now, in 1838, reached its seventy-sixth year, almost unknown to adversity, and totally exempted from the persecutions of the world, Samuel Rogers has had every opportunity a poet could wish, of indulging his predilections for song, and of bringing his effusions, under the best auspices, before the public. Why then, it may be asked, has he produced so little of an effective character? Why is the Pleasures of Memory, written while he was yet in youth, still the best and most popular effort of his genius? The answer is easy;—he was a man of business and of wealth. He inherited the

responsibilities and the cares, as well as the splendour and affluence of a great banking establishment, to support the credit and preserve the prosperity of which, as his father had done, was with him, very properly, so much a matter of pride as at all times to absorb the chief portion of his attention. His station, besides, exposed him to the seductions of high society, which was likely to occupy much of the time he could spare from the pursuits of money dealing. What leisure he possessed, he naturally enjoyed, as men of fortune usually do, in relaxation and rest, which scarcely ever fails to engender a habit of languor very unfavourable to the exercise of high intellectual powers, particularly of the poetical kind.

The possession of great wealth has been often pronounced a formidable obstacle to the cultivation of poetical talents, and there is no doubt that the pursuit of traffic is an obstacle still more formidable. The poetical propensity of Rogers had to contend against both these adverse circumstances. It is therefore unnecessary to look for any other causes to account for the paucity and the general placidity of his productions.

Our poet was born in London, in 1762. His father had been an eminent and successful banker, and, as has been already intimated, left his son the inheritor of both his wealth and his business. The education of the latter was conducted under every advantage that abundant means could command and eligible locality afford. He, in fact, became an accomplished

scholar; for having naturally a strong predilection for literature, he failed not to avail himself, with proper diligence, of the many advantages which fortune had placed within his reach. His manners were formed in the best society of the British metropolis, at the time when that city excelled all others in the number and eminence of its illustrious men. From the great whigs of the day, Fox, Sheridan, Lansdowne, Holland, Russell, Grey, &c., he imbibed an attachment to liberal principles in religion and government, untainted with the disorganizing and licentious doctrines with which too many of the contemporaries of his early life became infected, the fallacy and pernicious tendency of which he perceived from their first introduction to his notice. Unlike many of the rash proselytes of the new doctrines, he has, therefore, never been obliged to abandon any of his early opinions on the great political subjects of the last half century.

In his twenty-fourth year, Mr. Rogers ventured before the public with a small volume entitled, "An Ode to Superstition and other Poems." This volume does not appear to have drawn much attention. But in the year 1792, he produced a work which was immediately received into public favour, and which to this day retains a popularity likely to continue as long as the language in which it is written. This was the Pleasures of Memory. He exerted extraordinary pains in the composition of this poem. Every sentence, every line, nay, every word, is said to have undergone the most careful and labo-

rious supervision. No poem of the same length, it is believed, ever occupied its author so long in its composition. This extreme fastidiousness, while it resulted in the production of faultless metre, may fairly be considered the main cause of that want of animation and ardour in the poem, of which its readers so generally complain, but which they readily forgive on account of the truly natural strain of the thoughts, the correctness of the diction, and the sweetness and melody of the verse.

It is stated that so anxious was Rogers for the attainment of correctness in this poem, that he repeatedly consulted his literary friends on the subject, and would not be satisfied with any passage, until it had privately passed the ordeal of a variety of critics. Richard Sharpe, a member of parliament, and a man long known and esteemed in the literary circles of London, was a person in whose poetical taste and judgment, Rogers reposed great and merited confidence. This gentleman relates that, not only before the first publication of the poem, but during the preparation of various editions for the press, the author and he read it together several hundred times, at home and on the continent, and in every temper of mind, in order to discover blemishes and make improvements.

Although the publication of the Pleasures of Memory secured at once for the author an enviable portion of poetical fame, he does not appear to have been thereby stimulated to much haste in seeking an increase of reputation. It was six years after the

appearance of this poem, that he brought out, "An Epistle to a Friend, and other Poems;" and it was after the lapse of fourteen more, namely, in 1812, that he gave to the world, "The Voyage of Columbus." Two years afterwards, in the same volume with Lord Byron's Lara, appeared his agreeable little tale of "Jacqueline." His next poetical publication was a fine composition entitled "Human Life." In 1823, he gave to the world, in a style of remarkable mechanical splendour, his well known poem of "Italy," accompanied with copious notes, some of which are very interesting.

Rogers, like almost every Englishman of fortune and polished taste, has been a continental traveller. He has visited almost every country in Europe, and several of them he has repeatedly made the place of his residence for months together. During these perambulations and sojournings, he formed numerous acquaintances among the literati of foreign countries, many of which he cultivated into intimacies of the closest and most agreeable description. These acquaintances, when added to the many which he possesses at home, render the sphere of his personal knowledge of the leading authors of the age, probably the most extensive at present enjoyed by any man in Christendom.

There is one passage in the life of Rogers worthy of the poet who has sung so feelingly of the departed friends of his younger years, and given to the world such lines as the following:—

"Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush! while here alone
I search the records of each mouldering stone.
Guides of my life! instructers of my youth!
Who first unveil'd the hallow'd form of truth;
Whose every word enlighten'd and endear'd;
In age beloved, in poverty revered;
In friendship's silent register ye live,
Nor ask the vain memorial art can give."

The passage of our poet's life alluded to, is the generous aid with which, out of his abundance, he so unostentatiously administered to the wants of his illustrious, but poverty-struck friend, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, during the last melancholy scenes of his earthly existence. Public attention was for a time strongly riveted on the death-bed indigence of the great dramatist, orator, and wit, by the rumour that he was ungratefully and barbarously neglected by the boon companions of his happier days. Among others of his summer friends, no less a personage than the late George IV., then Prince of Wales, was charged with being long regardless of the necessities of the dying statesman and author. It was said that the royal sympathy was at length awakened, and that a sum of money was accordingly sent by the order of the prince, which Sheridan returned, observing that it came too late, as a bountiful friend had furnished him with sufficient for the short remainder of his fast closing life. It is true that the prince has been defended from the charge of heartlessness in this transaction, on the ground that he knew not of the distress

of his old friend, in time to forestall the bounty of his more successful competitor in affording the necessary relief. A warm controversy, however, took place on the subject, for, in a free country, those high in authority will never be in want of abundance of both assailants and defenders. It was found, however, that the individual who had thus gloriously outrun royalty in the race of benevolence, was the poet of Memory, and all parties united in awarding him the praise justly due to his well-timed munificence.

Rogers, although still a zealous maintainer of the liberal principles which he espoused in early life, never entered the arena of public politics. A different course might have been expected from him, considering the country and the times to which he belongs, together with his constant intimacy with leading politicians, and the example of his father, who rendered himself conspicuous in the history of parliamentary elections, by obstinately contesting the representation of Coventry with Lord Sheffield. The taste of our poet seems to have been more for the enjoyments of the peace and urbanities of private life, than for the eclat of display in either the legislative or executive council of the nation. He has chosen to be content with the splendid wreath of fame he has won from the hands of the muses, conscious that it is composed of more enduring materials than any that has crowned the brows of the ablest and proudest minister of his times.

Rogers is, on the whole, one of the most amiable

and accomplished gentlemen living. His opinion on literary matters is much looked up to by his numerous acquaintances, for as he envies the reputation of no one, his opinions are unprejudiced, and have acquired full credit for impartiality. His peculiarities are but few, either as a man or a poet. In the former character, suavity and good-nature are the traits which predominate; in the latter, accuracy of thought and an extreme polish of versification are the prevailing characteristics.

DISSERTATION

ON THE

POEM OF THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

The pleasure of reflecting on the joys of other days, is one of the sweetest and purest in life. It is also one of the most frequently enjoyed. Being within the reach of every rational being, there are few, even among those of the most gloomy and despondent tempers, who do not recur to its indulgence with satisfaction and delight.

It is true that retrospection often recalls images and scenes which the mind would wish to forget; for scarcely any have passed even the most innocent and happy period of life, without having experienced misfortune, and committed acts productive of self-condemnation and regret. Still, on the other hand, there are few whose enjoyment of the spring-time of existence, has not been greater than their disrelish; and such is the fortunate formation of the human mind, that even they whose past life has been most darkened by affliction, are prone to revert their view most frequently to those moments of brightness which

a benignant Providence permits to gleam on the gloomiest career.

In reviewing the scenes of past years, their charms seem to become attractive in proportion to their age; while those which were once harsh and forbidding in their aspect, are softened, and, in many instances, even sweetened, by the mellowing hand of time. For the remark of the poet of Hope, that

"Distance lends enchantment to the view,"

will apply as well to the backward as to the forward views which we take along the vista of life.

It is not necessary to animadvert on the causes of this happy characteristic of our nature. Its effects are too universally felt to be questioned; and from it proceed too many of the best blessings of life, to permit its importance, in yielding consolation and comfort to our checkered existence, to be undervalued.

In this tendency of the mind to cherish reflections of an agreeable rather than a disagreeable character, the author of the Pleasures of Memory found for his poem a ready passport to public favour, while it presented an obstacle to the success of a counter-poem on "The Pains of Memory," written by Robert Merry, to the composition of which at least equal talent, if not equal care and labour, was applied, and the poetical merit of which, apart from its subject, is certainly not inferior.

When the remarkable fertility of his subject is considered, it must be confessed that Rogers has limited

the range of his muse to exceedingly few topics. The whole of the first part may, in truth, be apportioned into two heads,—a retrospect of the pastimes of childhood, and reflections on the power of association to produce in the memory a succession of images which afford pleasure.

There is, indeed, considerable variety furnished in the illustrations of these topics. Yet various as they are, they are all drawn from familiar sources. They exhibit no pedantic display of scholastic learning or of peculiar thinking. They are all such as it may be supposed every man of reasonable information, at the present era, must be acquainted with. And in this judicious selection of illustrations and allusions, consists one of the chief charms of the work. Poetry is never more pleasing to unsophisticated minds, than when it portrays scenes with which they are acquainted, or celebrates events which have administered to their happiness. The attractions of Thomson's Seasons, and of Goldsmith's Deserted Village, proceed, in a great degree, from the familiarity of the pictures they present to our contemplation. In imitation of these undying bards, Rogers has chosen to give us drawings from real nature, and to introduce to us incidents of apparently actual occurrence. On these we delight to dwell, for they restore to our sensations, departed fascinations and joys we had felt before. Where is the well regulated mind or the rightly disposed heart, to which such a picture as the following will not communicate pleasure? Speaking

of the old hall where once "Justice held the grave debate," the poet says,—

"Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung.
When round yon ample board, in due degree,
We sweeten'd every meal with social glee,
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest;
And all was sunshine in each little breast.
'Twas here we chased the slipper by the sound,
And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.
'Twas here at eve we form'd our fairy ring,
And fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing,
Giants and genii chain'd each wondering ear;
And orphan sorrows drew the ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,
Or view'd the forest feats of Robin Hood."

Some of the passages illustrative of the reminiscences of childhood, will strongly remind the reader of Goldsmith's distinct and impressive manner of grouping rural and domestic images; and although he may not find the exquisite simplicity of that most natural of poets, he will meet with sufficient sweetness and elegance to induce him to hesitate whether he should not place those fine passages in the same rank of poetical excellence with the strains of the bard of Auburn.

The poet, having dismissed the consideration of these endearing remembrances, proceeds to elucidate the power which one idea has in calling up another in the mind. To this connexion of ideas he ascribes

much of the force of that attachment which binds man to his native soil, and engenders the feelings of patriotism, and of veneration for the scenes of celebrated actions, and the abodes of the luminaries of past ages.

"Hence, homefelt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh;
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.
* * * * * * *
And hence the charm historic scenes impart,
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
Aërial forms, in Tempé's classic vale
Glance through the gloom, and whisper in the gale.
In wild Vaucluse with love and Laura dwell,
And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell."

He then adverts to the power of memory in the inferior animals,—instanced in the horse, the dog, the carrier-pigeon, and the bee. In relation to the carrier-pigeon, he introduces, with great beauty and feeling, an incident which took place at the siege of Haarlem in the sixteenth century. When the inhabitants of that city, worn out by hardships and famine, besought the governor to surrender to a merciless enemy, he was encouraged to persevere in the defence, by the opportune arrival of a carrier pigeon with intelligence that relief was approaching.

"Sweet bird! thy truth shall Haarlem's walls attest,
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.
When with the silent energy of grief,
With looks that asked, yet dared not hope relief,

Want with her babes round generous valour clung,
To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
'Twas thine to animate her closing eye;
Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,
Crush'd by her meager hand when welcomed from the sky."

In the second part of the poem, its author selects more abstract and more elevated themes, and takes a higher flight. He had as yet only exhibited memory as subservient to sensation; he now shows her lending her aid to the acquirement of knowledge. He then descants on the consolations of memory to the afflicted and forsaken; and introduces her as in active operation when sleep has suspended the other faculties from their proper influence; and shows that, even in a state of madness, remembrance of the beloved past can administer consolation.

That a state of retirement is the most favourable condition for enjoying the sweets of recollection, he illustrates by a beautiful tale, which is perhaps the most read, because the most pleasing to the fancy as well as touching to the heart, of any passage in the work. The young and beautiful Julia, the beloved of the faithful and devoted Florio, is accidentally drowned:—

"Her father strew'd his white hairs in the wind,
Call'd on his child,—nor linger'd long behind;
And Florio lived to see the willow wave,
With many an evening whisper, o'er their grave.
Yes, Florio lived,—and, still of each possess'd,
The father cherish'd and the maid caress'd:

The poet now takes, at the conclusion of the poem, a still higher flight, and sings of a more exalted species of memory, which he supposes to be possessed by the angelic orders.

"But is her magic only felt below?
Say through what brighter realms she bids it flow,—
To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,
She yields delight but faintly imaged here?"

The apostrophe of the poet to his deceased brother, near the close of the work, is one of the noblest and most affecting effusions of the kind, to be found in poetry. Its language is true to nature, to feeling, to morality, to religion, and worthy of the heavenly theme on which it is employed.

The prominent blemishes of this poem are its languor and effeminacy of thought and expression, and the very perceptible slowness of the movement of its metre. The following passage, by no means the feeblest in the poem, will exemplify these blemishes; and yet it is a passage against which no direct violation of the rules of composition, in either the sense or diction, can be alleged:—

"As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievements charms the wilder'd sight;
And still with heraldry's rich hues imprest,
On the dim window glows the pictured crest.
The screen unfolds its many-colour'd chart;
The clock still points its moral to the heart;

That faithful monitor, 'twas heaven to hear,
When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near:
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of time?
That massive beam, with curious carving wrought,
Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive thought;
Those muskets, cased with venerable rust;
Those once-loved forms still breathing through their dust:
Still from their frame, in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the past."

To many readers of English rhyme, triplets are always unpleasant; and there are few of the admirers of Rogers but will admit, that the excellence of this poem would have suffered nothing, had he introduced them into it less frequently. It may seem hypercritical to point out the two following false rhymes, as defects worthy of attention. In any poem but one which lays claim to the highest excellence in the formation of its verses, and which would have been absolutely perfect in this respect, if labour and care could have accomplished perfection, it would savour of petulance to notice errors so trivial. But in a work of such high repute for exquisite finish, such defects furnish a bad example, against which it is desirable to guard the tyro in poetical composition.

"Turns on the neighbouring hill once more to *see*
The dear abode of peace and privac*y*."
* * * * * ,
"And win each wavering purpose to re*lent*
With warmth so mild, so gently vio*lent*."

Every reader will see the objection to these rhymes; and it is scarcely necessary to observe that English rhyme does not allow the consonants which commence the rhyming syllables, to be either the same, or of similar sounds. As well might a poet venture to rhyme *man* with *man*, or *book* with *book*, as the syllables above italicized.

But the poem must indeed be well written, in the composition of which, no greater defects than are here noticed, can be discovered; and he must be a fastidious reader who would permit such slight imperfections to arrest his attention from the innumerable beauties of both thought and expression with which the work before us abounds.

On the whole, "The Pleasures of Memory," although not so animated and impressive as some other of the poems of "The Pleasures," is a production worthy of companionship with the best of them; and the verdict of the world has been so long and so decisively given in its favour, that it would be equally vain and presumptuous to question its claims to a distinguished place among the didactic poems of England.

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

IN TWO PARTS.

——Hoc est
Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.—*Mart.*

O could my mind, unfolded in my page,
Enlighten climes and mould a future age;
There as it glow'd, with noblest frenzy fraught,
Dispense the treasures of exalted thought;
To virtue wake the pulses of the heart,
And bid the tear of emulation start!
O could it still, through each succeeding year,
My life, my manners, and my name endear;
And when the poet sleeps in silent dust,
Still hold communion with the wise and just!
Yet should this verse, my leisure's best resource,
When through the world it steals its secret course,
Revive but once a generous wish suppress,
Chase but a sigh, or charm a care to rest;
In one good deed a fleeting hour employ,
Or flush one faded cheek with honest joy;
Blest were my lines, though limited their sphere,
Though short their date as his who traced them here.

1793

ANALYSIS OF PART I.

THE poem begins with the description of an obscure village, and of the pleasing melancholy which it excites on being revisited after a long absence. This mixed sensation is an effect of the memory. From an effect we naturally ascend to the cause; and the subject proposed is then unfolded with an investigation of the nature and leading principles of this faculty.

It is evident that our ideas flow in continual succession and introduce each other with a certain degree of regularity. They are sometimes excited by sensible objects, and sometimes by an internal operation of the mind. Of the former species is most probably the memory of brutes; and its many sources of pleasure to them, as well as to us, are considered in the first part. The latter is the most perfect degree of memory, and forms the subject of the second.

When ideas have any relation whatever, they are attractive of each other in the mind; and the perception of any object naturally leads to the idea of another, which was connected with it either in time or place, or which can be compared or contrasted with it. Hence arises our attachment to inanimate objects; hence also, in some degree, the love of our country, and the emotion with which we contemplate the celebrated scenes of antiquity. Hence a picture directs our thoughts to the original; and, as cold and darkness suggest forcibly the ideas of heat and light, he, who feels the infirmities of age, dwells most on whatever reminds him of the vigour and vivacity of his youth.

The associating principle, as here employed, is no less conducive to virtue than to happiness; and, as such, it frequently discovers itself in the most tumultuous scenes of life. It addresses our finer feelings, and gives exercise to every mild and generous propensity.

Not confined to man, it extends through all animated nature; and its effects are peculiarly striking in the domestic tribes.

THE

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART I.

Dolce sentier, ...
Colle, che mi piacesti, ...
Ov' ancor per usanza Amor mi mena;
Ben riconosco in voi l'usate forme, .
Non, lasso, in me. . . . . .

TWILIGHT's soft dews steal o'er the village-green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Still'd is the hum that through the hamlet broke
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flock'd to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasured tales and legendary lore.
All, all are fled: nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear!

Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turret wooes the whistling breeze.
That casement arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven convey'd.

The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

See, through the fractured pediment reveal'd,
Where moss inlays the rudely sculptured shield,
The martin's old, hereditary nest:
Long may the ruin spare its hallow'd guest!

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
O haste, unfold the hospitable hall!
That hall, where once, in antiquated state,
The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
When round yon ample board, in due degree,
We sweeten'd every meal with social glee.
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest;
And all was sunshine in each little breast.
'Twas here we chased the slipper by the sound;
And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.
'Twas here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring;
And fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.
Giants and genii chain'd each wondering ear;
And orphan sorrows drew the ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,
Or view'd the forest feats of Robin Hood:

Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With startling step, we scaled the lonely tower;
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murder'd by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.

Ye household deities! whose guardian eye
Mark'd each pure thought, ere registered on high;
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
And breathe the soul of inspiration round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the wilder'd sight;
And still with heraldry's rich hues imprest,
On the dim window glows the pictured crest.
The screen unfolds its many-colour'd chart,
The clock still points its moral to the heart.
That faithful monitor 'twas heaven to hear,
When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near;
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of time?
That massive beam with curious carvings wrought,
Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive thought;
Those muskets, cased with venerable rust;
Those once-loved forms, still breathing through their dust,
Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the past!

As through the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove!
How oft, when purple evening tinged the west
We watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest;
Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing,
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!
How oft inscribed, with friendship's votive rhyme,
The bark now silver'd by the touch of time;
Soar'd in the swing, half pleased and half afraid,
Through sister elms that waved their summer shade;
Or strewed with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat!

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene;
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green!
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm;
Thee would the muse invoke!—to thee belong
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.
What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape time's meek twilight steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
Thy temper'd gleams of happiness resign'd,
Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind.

The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn:
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams!

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
The gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed;
Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore.
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
Whose dark eyes flash'd through locks of blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd:—
And heroes fled the Sibyl's mutter'd call,
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard-wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,
How throbb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years!

Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast;
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way,
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver gray,)
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sigh'd to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer, "Long may such goodness live!"
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.
Angels, when mercy's mandate wing'd their flight,
Had stopt to dwell with pleasure on the sight.

But hark! through those old firs, with sullen swell,
The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes, farewell!
It calls me hence, beneath their shade to trace
The few fond lines that time may soon efface.

On yon gray stone, that fronts the chancel-door,
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring,
When the heart danced, and life was in its spring;
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her emerald light to shed
Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.

Oft, as he turn'd the greensward with his spade,
He lectured every youth that round him play'd;
And calmly pointing where our fathers lay,
Roused us to rival each, the hero of his day.

Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush! while here alone
I search the records of each mouldering stone.
Guides of my life! instructers of my youth!
Who first unveil'd the hallow'd form of truth;
Whose every word enlighten'd and endear'd;
In age beloved, in poverty revered;
In friendship's silent register ye live,
Nor ask the vain memorial art can give.

But when the sons of peace, of pleasure sleep,
When only sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,
What spells entrance my visionary mind
With sighs so sweet, with transports so refined!

Ethereal power! who at the noon of night
Recall'st the far-fled spirit of delight;
From whom that musing, melancholy mood
Which charms the wise, and elevates the good;
Blest Memory, hail! O grant the grateful muse,
Her pencil dipt in nature's living hues,
To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,
And trace its airy precincts in the soul.

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain,

Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!*
Each stamps its image as the other flies
Each, as the various avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.
As studious PROSPERO's mysterious spell
Drew every subject-spirit to his cell;
Each, at thy call, advances or retires,
As judgment dictates or the scene inspires.
Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,
And through the frame invisibly convey
The subtle, quick vibrations as they play;
Man's little universe at once o'ercast,
At once illumined when the cloud is past.

Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore;
From reason's faintest ray to NEWTON soar.
What different spheres to human bliss assign'd!
What slow gradations in the scale of mind!
Yet mark in each these mystic wonders wrought;
O mark the sleepless energies of thought!

Th' adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,

---

* Namque illic posuit solium, et sua templa sacravit
Mens animi: hanc circum coëunt, densoque feruntur
Agmine notitiæ, simulacraque tenuia rerum.

Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
The village common spotted white with sheep,
The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep;
All rouse reflection's sadly-pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

So, when the mild TUPIA dared explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the sons of science, woo'd the gale
That, rising, swell'd their strange expanse of sail;
So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu,
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,
And all his soul best loved—such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer beauty fled.
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watch'd the streaming signal from the mast;
Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,
And fairy forests fringed the evening sky.

So Scotia's queen, as slowly dawn'd the day,
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.
Her eyes had bless'd the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light;
But now the morn with orient hues portray'd
Each castled cliff, and brown monastic shade:
All touch'd the talisman's resistless spring,
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer clouds flash forth electric fire.
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence homefelt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh;
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.
For this young FOSCARI, whose hapless fate
Venice should blush to hear the muse relate,
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,
For this he roused her sanguinary laws;
Glad to return, though hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hail'd him to the shore.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart;
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
Aërial forms, in Tempé's classic vale,
Glance through the gloom, and whisper in the gale;
In wild Vaucluse with love and LAURA dwell,
And watch and weep in ELOISA's cell.
'Twas ever thus. Young AMMON, when he sought
Where Ilium stood, and where PELIDES fought,
Sate at the helm himself. No meaner hand
Steer'd through the waves; and when he struck the land,
Such in his soul the ardour to explore,
PELIDES-like, he leap'd the first ashore.
'Twas ever thus. As now at VIRGIL's tomb
We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom:

So TULLY paused, amid the wrecks of time,
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime;
When at his feet, in honour'd dust disclosed,
Th' immortal sage of Syracuse reposed.
And as he long in sweet delusion hung,
Where once a PLATO taught, a PINDAR sung;
Who now but meets him musing, when he roves
His ruin'd Tusculan's romantic groves!
In Rome's great forum, who but hears him roll
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul!

And hence that calm delight the portrait gives:
We gaze on every feature till it lives!
Still the fond lover sees the absent maid;
And the lost friend still lingers in his shade!
Say why the pensive widow loves to weep,
When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep:
Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace
The father's features in his infant face.
The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,
Won by the raptures of a game at play;
He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,
Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.

What though the iron school of war erase
Each milder virtue, and each softer grace;
What though the fiend's torpedo-touch arrest
Each gentler, finer impulse of the breast;
Still shall this active principle preside,
And wake the tear to pity's self denied.

Th' intrepid Swiss, who guards a foreign shore,
Condemn'd to climb his mountain cliffs no more,
If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild,
Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguiled,
Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.

Ask not if courts or camps dissolve the charm:
Say why VESPASIAN loved his Sabine farm;
Why great NAVARRE, when France and freedom bled,
Sought the lone limits of a forest-shed.
When DIOCLETIAN's self-corrected mind
Th' imperial fasces of a world resign'd,
Say why we trace the labours of his spade
In calm Salona's philosophic shade.
Say, when contentious CHARLES renounced a throne,
To muse with monks unletter'd and unknown,
What from his soul the parting tribute drew?
What claim'd the sorrows of a last adieu?
The still retreats that soothed his tranquil breast,
Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppress'd.

Undamp'd by time, the generous instinct glows
Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows;
Glows in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,
On every form of varied life imprest.
The social tribes its choicest influence hail:—
And when the drum beats briskly in the gale,
The war-worn courser charges at the sound,
And with young vigour wheels the pasture round.

Oft has the aged tenant of the vale
Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale;
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breathed,
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeathed,
When o'er the blasted heath the day declined,
And on the scath'd oak warr'd the winter wind;
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way;
When not a sheep-bell soothed his listening ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near;
Then did his horse the homeward track descry,
The track that shunn'd his sad, inquiring eye:
And win each wavering purpose to relent,
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,
That his charm'd hand the careless rein resign'd,
And doubts and terrors vanish'd from his mind.

Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain storm;
And who will first his fond impatience meet?
His faithful dog's already at his feet!
Yes, though the porter spurn him from the door,
Though all that knew him, know his face no more,
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.—
And see the master but returns to die!
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of earth,
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth,

These, when to guard misfortune's sacred grave,
Will firm fidelity exult to brave.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?
Say, through the clouds what compass points her flight?
Monarchs have gazed, and nations bless'd the sight.
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies:—
'Tis vain! through ether's pathless wilds she goes,
And lights at last where all her cares repose.

Sweet bird! thy truth shall Haarlem's walls attest,
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.
When, with the silent energy of grief,
With looks that ask'd, yet dared not hope relief,
Want with her babes round generous valour clung,
To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
'Twas thine to animate her closing eye;
Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,
Crush'd by her meager hand, when welcomed from the sky.

Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
And many a stream allures her to its source.
'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,
Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,

Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;
Its orb so full, its vision so confined!
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
Of summer scents that charm'd her as she flew?
Hail, MEMORY, hail! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of being's glorious chain.

NOTES

TO

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART I.

P. 148, l. 3.

How oft, when purple evening tinged the west.

Virgil, in one of his Eclogues, describes a romantic attachment as conceived in such circumstances; and the description is so true to nature, that we must surely be indebted for it to some early recollection. "You were little when I first saw you. You were with your mother gathering fruit in our orchard, and I was your guide. I was just entering my thirteenth year, and just able to reach the boughs from the ground."

So also Zappi, an Italian poet of the last century. "When I used to measure myself with my goat, and my goat was the tallest, even then I loved Clori."

P. 149, l. 7.

Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear.

I came to the place of my birth, and cried, "The friends of my youth, where are they?"—And an echo answered, "Where are they?"—*From an Arabic MS.*

P. 152, l. 1.

Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!

When a traveller, who was surveying the ruins of Rome, expressed a desire to possess some relic of its ancient grand-

eur, Pouisson, who attended him, stooped down, and gathering up a handful of earth shining with small grains of porphyry, "Take this home," said he, "for your cabinet; and say boldly, *Questa è Roma Antica.*"

P. 153, l. 6.

The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep.

Every man, like Gulliver in Lilliput, is fastened to some spot of earth, by the thousand small threads which habit and association are continually stealing over him. Of these, perhaps, one of the strongest is here alluded to.

When the Canadian Indians were once solicited to emigrate, "What!" they replied, "shall we say to the bones of our fathers, Arise, and go with us into a foreign land?"

P. 153, l. 13.

So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu.

See Cook's first voyage, book i. chap. 16.

Another very affecting instance of local attachment is related of his fellow countryman Potaveri, who came to Europe with M. de Bougainville.—See *Les Jardins, chant.* ii.

P. 153, l. 21.

So Scotia's queen, &c.

Elle se leve sur son lit, et se met à contempler la France encore, et tant qu'elle peut.—*Brantôme.*

P. 154, l. 1.

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire.

To an accidental association may be ascribed some of the noblest efforts of human genius. The historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire first conceived his design among the ruins of the Capitol; and to the tones of a Welsh harp are we indebted for the Bard of Gray

P. 154, l. 5.

Hence homefelt pleasure, &c.

Who can enough admire the affectionate attachment of Plutarch, who thus concludes his enumeration of the advantages of a great city to men of letters? "As to myself, I live in a little town; and I choose to live there, lest it should become still less."—*Vit. Demosth.*

P. 154, l. 7.

For this young Foscari, &c.

He was suspected of murder, and at Venice suspicion was good evidence. Neither the interest of the doge, his father, nor the intrepidity of conscious innocence, which he exhibited in the dungeon and on the rack, could procure his acquittal. He was banished to the island of Candia for life.

But here his resolution failed him. At such a distance from home he could not live; and, as it was a criminal offence to solicit the intercession of any foreign prince, in a fit of despair he addressed a letter to the Duke of Milan, and intrusted it to a wretch whose perfidy, he knew, would occasion his being remanded a prisoner to Venice.

P. 154, l. 15.

And hence the charms historic scenes impart.

Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of *Marathon*, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of *Iona*.—*Johnson.*

P. 154, l. 20.

And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.

The Paraclete, founded by Abelard, in Champagne.

P. 154, l. 21.

'Twas ever thus. Young Ammon, when he sought.

Alexander, when he crossed the Hellespont, was in the twenty-second year of his age; and with what feelings must the scholar of Aristotle have approached the ground described by Homer in that poem which had been his delight from his childhood, and which records the achievements of him from whom he claimed his descent!

It was his fancy, if we may believe tradition, to take the tiller from Menœtius, and be himself the steersman during the passage. It was his fancy also to be the first to land, and to land full-armed.—*Arrian*, i. 11.

P. 154, l. 27.

As now at Virgil's tomb.

Vows and pilgrimages are not peculiar to the religious enthusiast. Silius Italicus performed annual ceremonies on the mountain of Posilipo; and it was there that Boccaccio, *quasi da un divino estro inspirato*, resolved to dedicate his life to the muses.

P. 155, l. 1.

So Tully paused amid the wrecks of time.

When Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, he discovered the tomb of Archimedes by its mathematical inscription. — *Tusc. Quæst.* v. 3.

P. 155, l. 15.

Say why the pensive widow loves to weep.

The influence of the associating principle is finely exemplified in the faithful Penelope, when she sheds tears over the bow of Ulysses.—*Od.* xxi. 55.

P. 156, l. 3.

If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild.

The celebrated Ranz des Vaches; cet air si chéri des Suisses qu'il fut défendu sous peine de mort de la jouer dans leurs troupes, parce qu'il faisoit fondre en larmes, déserter ou mourir ceux qui l'entendoient, tant il excitoit en eux l'ardent désir de revoir leur pays.—*Rousseau.*

The maladie de pays is as old as the human heart. JUVENAL's little cup-bearer

Suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem,
Et casulum, et notos tristis desiderat hœdos.

And the Argive, in the heat of battle,

Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

P. 156, l. 8.

Say why Vespasian loved his Sabine farm.

This emperor, according to Suetonius, constantly passed the summer in a small villa near Reate, where he was born, and to which he would never add any embellishment; *ne quid scilicet oculorum consuetudini deperiret.—Suet. in Vit. Vesp.* cap. ii.

A similar instance occurs in the life of the venerable Pertinax, as related by J. Capitolinus. Posteaquam in Liguriam venit, multis agris coemptis, tabernam paternam, *manente formâ priore*, infinitis ædificiis circumdedit.—*Hist. August*, 54.

And it is said of Cardinal Richelieu, that, when he built his magnificent palace on the site of the old family chateau at Richelieu, he sacrificed its symmetry to preserve the room in which he was born.—*Mém. de Mlle. de Montpensier*, i. 27.

An attachment of this nature is generally the characteristic of a benevolent mind; and a long acquaintance with the world cannot always extinguish it.

"To a friend," says John, Duke of Buckingham, "I will expose my weakness: I am oftener missing a pretty gallery

in the old house I pulled down, than pleased with a saloon which I built in its stead, though a thousand times better in all respects."—See *his Letter to the D. of Sh.*

This is the language of the heart; and will remind the reader of that good-humoured remark in one of Pope's letters—"I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child."

The author of Telemachus has illustrated this subject, with equal fancy and feeling, in the story of Alibée, Persan.

P. 156, l. 9.

Why great Navarre, &c.

That amiable and accomplished monarch, Henry the Fourth of France, made an excursion from his camp, during the long siege of Laon, to dine at a house in the forest of Folambray; where he had often been regaled, when a boy, with fruit, milk, and new cheese; and in revisiting which he promised himself great pleasure.—*Mém. de Sully.*

P. 156, l. 11.

When Diocletian's self-corrected mind.

Diocletian retired into his native province, and there amused himself with building, planting, and gardening. His answer to Maximian is deservedly celebrated. "If," said he, "I could show him the cabbages which I have planted with my own hands at Salona, he would no longer solicit me to return to a throne."

P. 156, l. 15.

Say, when contentious Charles, &c.

When the emperor, Charles the Fifth, had executed his memorable resolution, and had set out for the monastery of St. Justé, he stopt a few days at Ghent to indulge that tender and pleasant melancholy, which arises in the mind of every man in the decline of life, on visiting the place of his birth, and the objects familiar to him in his early youth.

P. 156, l. 16.

To muse with monks, &c.

Monjes solitarios del glorioso padre San Geronimo, says Sandova.

In a corner of the convent garden there is this inscription: En esta santa casa de S. Geronimo de Juste se retiró à acabar su vida Carlos V. Emperador, &c.—*Ponz.*

P. 157, l. 11.

Then did his horse the homeward track descry.

The memory of the horse forms the ground-work of a pleasing little romance entitled, "Lui du Palefroi vair."—See *Fabliaux du* XII. *Siecle.*

Ariosto likewise introduces it in a passage full of truth and nature. When Bayardo meets Angelica in the forest.

. . . Va mansueto a la Donzella,
. . . . . .
Ch'in Albracca il servia gia di sua mano.—*Orlando Furioso*, i. 75.

P. 158, l. 11.

Sweet bird! thy truth shall Haarlem's walls attest.

During the siege of Haarlem, when that city was reduced to the last extremity, and on the point of opening its gates to a base and barbarous enemy, a design was formed to relieve it; and the intelligence was conveyed to the citizens by a letter which was tied under the wing of a pigeon.—*Thuanus*, lib. lv. c. 5.

The same messenger was employed at the siege of Mutina, as we are informed by the elder Pliny.—*Hist. Nat.* x. 37.

P. 158, l. 20.

Hark! the bee, &c.

This little animal, from the extreme convexity of her eye, cannot see many inches before her

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART II.

ANALYSIS.

The memory has hitherto acted only in subservience to the senses, and so far man is not eminently distinguished from other animals: but with respect to man, she has a higher province; and is often busily employed when excited by no external cause whatever. She preserves, for his use, the treasures of art and science, history and philosophy. She colours all the prospects of life; for we can only anticipate the future, by concluding what is possible from what is past. On her agency depends every effusion of the fancy, who with the boldest effort can only compound or transpose, augment or diminish the materials which she has collected.

When the first emotions of despair have subsided, and sorrow has softened into melancholy, she amuses with a retrospect of innocent pleasures, and inspires that noble confidence which results from the consciousness of having acted well. When sleep has suspended the organs of sense from their office, she not only supplies the mind with images, but assists in their combination. And even in madness itself, when the soul is resigned over to the tyranny of a distempered imagination, she revives past perceptions, and awakens that train of thought which was formerly most familiar.

Nor are we pleased only with a review of the brighter passages of life. Events, the most distressing in their imme-

diate consequences, are often cherished in remembrance with a degree of enthusiasm.

But the world and its occupations give a mechanical impulse to the passions, which is not very favourable to the indulgence of this feeling. It is in a calm and well-regulated mind that the memory is most perfect; and solitude is her best sphere of action. With this sentiment is introduced a tale, illustrative of her influence in solitude, sickness, and sorrow; and the subject having now been considered, so far as it relates to man and the animal world, the poem concludes with a conjecture that superior beings are blest with a nobler exercise of this faculty.

THE

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART II.

Dele cose custode, e dispensiera.—*Tasso.*

Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to thee impart
What charms in genius, and refines in art;
Thee, in whose hand the keys of science dwell,
The pensive portress of her holy cell;
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
Oblivion steals upon her vestal lamp.

They in their glorious course the guides of youth,
Whose language breathed the eloquence of truth;
Whose life, beyond perceptive wisdom, taught
The great in conduct and the pure in thought;
These still exist, by thee to fame consign'd,
Still speak and act the models of mankind.

From thee gay hope her airy colouring draws;
And fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.
From thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,
Which only virtue, tranquil virtue, knows.

When joy's bright sun has shed his evening ray,
And hope's delusive meteors cease to play;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
Still through the gloom thy star serenely glows;
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light.

The beauteous maid, who bids the world adieu
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace
Some social scene, some dear, familiar face:
And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper bell
Bursts through the cypress-walk, the convent cell,
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
To love and joy still tremblingly alive;
The whisper'd vow, the chaste caress prolong,
Weave the light dance, and swell the choral song;
With rapt ear drink th' enchanting serenade,
And, as it melts along the moonlight glade,
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

But not till time has calm'd the ruffled breast
Are these fond dreams of happiness confest.

Not till the rushing winds forget to rave,
Is heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave.

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there;
Mark the fix'd gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,
The racks of thought, and freezings of despair!
But pause not then—beyond the western wave,
Go, see the captive barter'd as a slave!
Crush'd till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,
And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, e'en here, with pleasures long resign'd,
Lo! MEMORY bursts the twilight of the mind.
Her dear delusions soothe his sinking soul,
When the rude scourge assumes its base control;
And o'er futurity's blank page diffuse
The full reflection of her vivid hues.
'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,
Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore;
Beneath his plantain's ancient shade renew
The simple transports that with freedom flew;
Catch the cool breeze that musky evening blows,
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows;
The oral tale of elder time rehearse,
And chant the rude, traditionary verse
With those, the loved companions of his youth,
When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

Ah! why should virtue fear the frowns of fate?
Hers what no wealth can buy, no power create!
A little world of clear and cloudless day,
Nor wreck'd by storms, nor moulder'd by decay;
A world with MEMORY's ceaseless sunshine blest,
The home of happiness, an honest breast.

But most we mark the wonders of her reign,
When sleep has lock'd the senses in her chain.
When sober judgment has his throne resign'd,
She smiles away the chaos of the mind;
And, as warm fancy's bright Elysium glows,
From her each image springs, each colour flows.
She is the sacred guest! th' immortal friend!
Oft seen o'er sleeping innocence to bend,
In that dead hour of night to silence given,
Whispering seraphic visions of her heaven.

When the blithe son of Savoy, journeying round
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
From his green vale and shelter'd cabin hies,
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies;
Though far below the forked lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away,
Oft, in the saddle rudely rock'd to sleep,
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,
With MEMORY's aid, he sits at home, and sees
His children sport beneath their native trees,
And bends to hear their cherub voices call,
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy madness dwell?
Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell?
Each fiery flight on frenzy's wing restrain,
And mould the coinage of the fever'd brain?

Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,
There in the dust the wreck of genius lies!
He whose arresting hand divinely wrought
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;
And round, in colours of the rainbow, threw
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!
But, as he fondly snatch'd the wreath of fame,
The spectre poverty unnerved his frame.
Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore;
And hope's soft energies were felt no more.
Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!
From the rude wall what bright ideas start!
E'en now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!
And whence these scenes, these images, declare,
Whence but from her who triumphs o'er despair?

Awake, arise! with grateful fervour fraught,
Go spring the mine of elevating thought.
He, who, through nature's various walks, surveys
The good and fair her faultless line portrays;
Whose mind, profaned by no unhallow'd guest,
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;

May range, at will, bright fancy's golden clime,
Or, musing, mount where science sits sublime,
Or wake the spirit of departed time.
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,
A blooming Eden in his life reviews!
So rich the culture, though so small the space,
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace.
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!
The weary waste, that lengthen'd as he ran,
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span.

Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumined, and by taste refined?
When age has quench'd the eye, and closed the ear,
Still nerved for action in her native sphere,
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
Some long-loved image vanish'd from her view;
Dart through the deep recesses of the past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;
With giant grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.
So through the grove th' impatient mother flies,
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries;
Till the thin leaves the truant boy disclose,
Long on the wood-moss stretch'd in sweet repose.

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confined
The silent feasts of the reflecting mind.

Danger and death a dread delight inspire;
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,
When richly bronzed by many a summer sun,
He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done.

Go, with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile;
And ask the shatter'd hero whence his smile?
Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich—go,
And own what raptures from reflection flow.

Hail, noblest structures imaged in the wave!
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave.
Hail, blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail!
That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail.
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
The battle's havoc, and the tempest's rage;
Long have ye known reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm close of valour's various day.

Time's sombrous touches soon correct the piece,
Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease:
A softer tone of light pervades the whole,
And steals a pensive languor o'er the soul.

Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued
Each mountain scene, majestically rude;
To note the sweet simplicity of life,
Far from the din of folly's idle strife;
Nor there a while, with lifted eye, revered
That modest stone which pious Pembroke rear'd:

Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour;
Still to the musing pilgrim points the place,
Her sainted spirit most delights to trace?

Thus, with the manly glow of honest pride,
O'er his dead son the gallant Ormond sigh'd.
Thus, through the gloom of Shenstone's fairy grove,
Maria's urn still breathes the voice of love.

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes us less deeply in its morning hour,
Than when the shades of time serenely fall
On every broken arch and ivied wall;
The tender images we love to trace,
Steal from each year a melancholy grace!
And as the sparks of social love expand,
As the heart opens in a foreign land;
And with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,
The stranger greets each native of his isle;
So scenes of life, when present and confess'd,
Stamp but their bolder features on the breast;
Yet not an image, when remotely view'd,
However trivial, and however rude,
But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh,
With every claim of close affinity!

But these pure joys the world can never know;
In gentler climes their silver currents flow.

Oft at the silent, shadowy close of day,
When the hush'd grove has sung its parting lay;
When pensive twilight, in her dusky car,
Comes slowly on to meet the evening star:
Above, below, aërial murmurs swell,
From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell!
A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,
Stealing soft music on the ear of night.
So oft the finer movements of the soul,
That shun the sphere of pleasure's gay control,
In the still shades of calm seclusion rise,
And breathe their sweet, seraphic harmonies!

Once, and domestic annals tell the time,
(Preserved in Cambria's rude, romantic clime,)
When nature smiled, and o'er the landscape threw
Her richest fragrance, and her brightest hue,
A blithe and blooming forester explored
Those loftier scenes SALVATOR'S soul adored;
The rocky pass half hung with shaggy wood,
And the cleft oak flung boldly o'er the flood;
Nor shunn'd the track, unknown to human tread,
That downward to the night of caverns led;
Some ancient cataract's deserted bed.

High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose,
And blew his shrill blast o'er perennial snows;
Ere the rapt youth, recoiling from the roar,
Gazed on the tumbling tide of dread Lodore;

And through the rifted cliffs that scaled the sky
Derwent's clear mirror charm'd his dazzled eye.
Each osier isle, inverted on the wave,
Through morn's gray mist its melting colours gave
And, o'er the cygnet's haunt, the mantling grove
Its emerald arch with wild luxuriance wove.

Light as the breeze that brush'd the orient dew,
From rock to rock the young adventurer flew;
And day's last sunshine slept along the shore,
When, lo! a path the smile of welcome wore.
Embowering shrubs with verdure veil'd the sky,
And on the musk-rose shed a deeper dye;
Save when a bright and momentary gleam
Glanced from the white foam of some shelter'd
stream.

O'er the still lake the bell of evening toll'd,
And on the moor the shepherd penn'd his fold;
And on the green hill's side the meteor play'd;
When, hark! a voice sung sweetly through the shade
It ceased—yet still in Florio's fancy sung,
Still on each note his captive spirit hung;
Till o'er the mead, a cool sequester'd grot
From its rich roof a sparry lustre shot.
A crystal water cross'd the pebbled floor,
And on the front these simple lines it bore:—

Hence away, nor dare intrude!
In this secret shadowy cell

Musing Memory loves to dwell,
With her sister Solitude.
Far from the busy world she flies,
To taste that peace the world denies.
Entranced she sits; from youth to age,
Reviewing life's eventful page;
And noting, ere they fade away,
The little lines of yesterday.

Florio had gain'd a rude and rocky seat,
When lo, the genius of this still retreat!
Fair was her form—but who can hope to trace
The pensive softness of her angel face?
Can Virgil's verse, can Raphael's touch impart
Those finer features of the feeling heart,
Those tenderer tints that shun the careless eye,
And in the world's contagious climate die?

She left the cave, nor mark'd the stranger there;
Her pastoral beauty, and her artless air
Had breathed a soft enchantment o'er his soul!
In every nerve he felt her blest control!
What pure and white-winged agents of the sky,
Who rule the springs of sacred sympathy,
Inform congenial spirits when they meet?
Sweet is their office, as their natures sweet!

Florio, with fearful joy, pursued the maid,
Till through a vista's moonlight-checker'd shade,

Where the bat circled, and the rooks reposed,
(Their wars suspended, and their councils closed,)
An antique mansion burst in awful state,
A rich vine clustering round the Gothic gate.
Nor paused he there. The master of the scene
Saw his light step imprint the dewy green;
And, slow advancing, hail'd him as his guest,
Won by the honest warmth his looks express'd.
He wore the rustic manners of a squire;
Age had not quench'd one spark of manly fire;
But giant gout had bound him in her chain,
And his heart panted for the chase in vain.

Yet here remembrance, sweetly-soothing power!
Wing'd with delight confinement's lingering hour.
The fox's brush still emulous to wear,
He scour'd the county in his elbow-chair;
And with view-halloo, roused the dreaming hound,
That rung, by starts, his deep-toned music round.

Long by the paddock's humble pale confined,
His aged hunters coursed the viewless wind:
And each, with glowing energy portray'd,
The far-famed triumphs of the field display'd,
Usurp'd the canvass of the crowded hall,
And chased a line of heroes from the wall.
There slept the horn each jocund echo knew,
And many a smile and many a story drew!
High o'er the hearth his forest trophies hung,
And their fantastic branches wildly flung.

How would he dwell on the vast antlers there!
These dash'd the wave, those fann'd the mountain air.
All, as they frown'd, unwritten records bore
Of gallant feats and festivals of yore.

But why the tale prolong?—His only child,
His darling JULIA, on the stranger smiled.
Her little arts a fretful sire to please
Her gentle gayety, and native ease
Had won his soul; and rapturous fancy shed
Her golden lights, and tints of rosy red:
But ah! few days had pass'd, ere the bright vision fled!

When evening tinged the lake's ethereal blue,
And her deep shades irregularly threw;
Their shifting sail dropt gently from the cove,
Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove;
Whence erst the chanted hymn, the taper'd rite,
Amused the fisher's solitary night:
And still the mitred window, richly wreath'd,
A sacred calm through the brown foliage breathed.

The wild deer, starting through the silent glade,
With fearful gaze their various course survey'd.
High hung in air the hoary goat reclined,
His streaming beard the sport of every wind;
And, while the coot her jet-wing loved to lave,
Rock'd on the bosom of the sleepless wave:
The eagle rush'd from Skiddaw's purple crest,
A cloud still brooding o'er her giant nest.

And now the moon had dimm'd with dewy ray
The few fine flushes of departing day.
O'er the wide waters deep serene she hung,
And her broad lights on every mountain flung;
When, lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew,
And to the surge consign'd the little crew.
All, all escaped—but ere the lover bore
His faint and faded JULIA to the shore,
Her sense had fled!—Exhausted by the storm,
A fatal trance hung o'er her pallid form;
Her closing eye a trembling lustre fired;
'Twas life's last spark—it flutter'd and expired!

The father strew'd his white hairs in the wind,
Call'd on his child—nor linger'd long behind;
And FLORIO lived to see the willow wave,
With many an evening whisper, o'er their grave.
Yes, FLORIO lived—and, still of each possess'd,
The father cherish'd, and the maid caress'd!

For ever would the fond enthusiast rove,
With JULIA's spirit, through the shadowy grove:
Gaze with delight on every scene she plann'd,
Kiss every floweret planted by her hand.
Ah! still he traced her steps along the glade,
When hazy hues and glimmering lights betray'd
Half-viewless forms; still listen'd as the breeze
Heaved its deep sobs among the aged trees;
And at each pause her melting accents caught,
In sweet delirium of romantic thought!

Dear was the grot that shunn'd the blaze of day;
She gave its spars to shoot a trembling ray.
The spring, that bubbled from its inmost cell,
Murmur'd of JULIA's virtues as it fell;
And o'er the dripping moss, the fretted stone
In FLORIO's ear breathed language not its own.
Her charm around th' enchantress MEMORY threw,
A charm that soothes the mind, and sweetens too!

But is her magic only felt below?
Say, through what brighter realms she bids it flow;
To what pure beings in a nobler sphere,
She yields delight but faintly imaged here:
All that till now their rapt researches knew,
Not call'd in slow succession to review;
But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,
At once presented to their glad survey!

Each scene of bliss reveal'd, since chaos fled,
And dawning light its dazzling glories spread;
Each chain of wonders that sublimely glow'd,
Since first creation's choral anthem flow'd;
Each ready flight, at mercy's call divine,
To distant worlds that undiscover'd shine;
Full on her tablet flings its living rays,
And all, combined, with blest effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal friendship, soar;
No more to part, to mingle tears no more!

And, as the softening hand of time endears
The joys and sorrows of our infant years,
So there the soul, released from human strife,
Smiles at the little cares and ills of life;
Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers;
As at a dream that charm'd her vacant hours!

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hail the spot where once their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature open'd to their view!
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please;
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well!

O thou! with whom my heart was wont to share
From reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;
With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happiness below;
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resign'd;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,

To meet the changes time and chance present,
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God express'd;
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The sweet remembrance of unblemish'd youth,
The still inspiring voice of innocence and truth

Hail, MEMORY, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And place and time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, hope's summer visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo, fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

NOTES

TO

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART II.

P. 169, l. 15.

These still exist, &c.

There is a future existence even in this world, an existence in the hearts and minds of those who shall live after us. It is in reserve for every man, however obscure; and his portion, if he be diligent, must be equal to his desires. For in whose remembrance can we wish to hold a place, but such as know, and are known by us? These are within the sphere of our influence, and among these and their descendants we may live for evermore.

It is a state of rewards and punishments; and, like that revealed to us in the gospel, has the happiest influence on our lives. The latter excites us to gain the favour of God; the former, to gain the love and esteem of wise and good men; and both lead to the same end; for in framing our conceptions of the Deity, we only ascribe to Him exalted degrees of wisdom and goodness.

P. 173, l. 15.

Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!

The astronomer chalking his figures on the wall, in Hogarth's view of Bedlam, is an admirable exemplification o this idea.—See *The Rake's Progress*, plate 8.

P. 174, l. 9.

Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh.

The following stanzas are said to have been written on a blank leaf of this poem. They present so affecting a reverse of the picture, that I cannot resist the opportunity of introducing them here.

Pleasures of Memory!—O! supremely blest,
And justly proud beyond a poet's praise,
If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast
Contain, indeed, the subject of thy lays!
By me how envied!—for to me,
The herald still of misery,
Memory makes her influence known
By sighs, and tears, and grief alone:
I greet her as the fiend, to whom belong
The vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song.

She tells of time mispent, of comfort lost,
Of fair occasions gone for ever by;
Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely cross'd;
Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die;
For what, except th' instinctive fear
Lest she survive, detains me here.
When "all the life of life" is fled?—
What, but the deep, inherent dread,
Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign,
And realize the hell that priests and beldames feign?

P. 175, l. 21.

Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued.

On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a small pillar with this inscription:

"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann Countess-dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret Countess-dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be dis-

tributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus Deo!"

The Eden is the principal river of Cumberland, and rises in the wildest part of Westmoreland.

P. 176, l. 6.

O'er his dead son the gallant Ormond sigh'd.

"I would not exchange my dead son," said he, "for any living son in Christendom."—*Hume.*

The same sentiment is inscribed on an urn at the Leasowes. "Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!"

P. 181, l. 15.

Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove.

A small island covered with trees, among which were formerly the ruins of a religious house.

P. 182, l. 5.

When, lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew.

In a mountain lake the agitations are often violent and momentary. The winds blow in gusts and eddies; and the water no sooner swells, than it subsides.—See *Bourn's Hist. of Westmoreland.*

P. 183, l. 11.

To what pure beings in a nobler sphere.

The several degrees of angels may probably have larger views, and some of them be endowed with capacities able to retain together, and constantly set before them, as in one picture, all their past knowledge at once.—*Locke.*

CAMPBELL'S

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

IN TWO PARTS.

MEMOIR

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The city of Glasgow has the honour of having given birth to the bard of Hope. Thomas Campbell was born there in the year 1777. He was the son of a second marriage. His father, who was born in the reign of Queen Anne, was sixty-seven years of age at the time of the poet's birth. The early education of young Campbell was intrusted to Dr. David Alison, a gentleman, whose reputation as a teacher of youth, stood deservedly high in Glasgow, a city eminent then, as it has ever since been, for the excellence of its seminaries and the talents of its teachers.

Campbell, like Pope, "lisped in numbers." There are yet in possession of some of his friends in Scotland, verses written by him at the age of nine years. They are, no doubt, sufficiently childish; but they show at what an early age he received visits from the muse. At the age of twelve, he was placed at the University of Glasgow, where he soon, with a precocity of ambition as well as talent, became a candidate for the colle-

giate annuity, conferred on successful competitors for superiority in the classical languages, called a bursary. Campbell carried off the prize from an opponent twice his age. He was indeed extremely industrious; and his ambitious exertions were at once stimulated and rewarded by the obtaining of a variety of prizes in the contests for classical eminence, prescribed to the students at the Glasgow University. In Greek he was an early proficient, and some of the translations from that language, which he made as collegiate exercises, are to be ranked among the best that have yet appeared in our language. It was from Dr. Millar, the eminent lecturer on moral philosophy, in Glasgow, that Campbell acquired his correct habit of analyzation, and the taste for abstract speculation so observable in his best poems.

At about eighteen, Campbell left Glasgow to undertake the duties of a private teacher in a family of distinction in Argyleshire. Amidst the wild scenery which surrounded his new residence, his poetic energies greatly increased, and it was there that he completed some, and planned others, of his most popular productions.

From Argyleshire, Campbell removed to Edinburgh, where at the age of twenty-one, he appeared in full poetical blaze before the world in his first and best production, "The Pleasures of Hope." Several of the booksellers to whom the manuscript of this celebrated poem was offered, with that species of sagacity which so often characterizes the trade, in their estimate of the

value of works offered to them by unknown authors, refused to publish it without a guarantee for the expense. The author was too poor for his own guarantee to be taken, and too modest to solicit that of any other person. He happened, however, at this juncture to show his manuscript to a gentleman of true benevolence, and of well-known taste and discernment in poetical literature. This was Dr. Robert Anderson, the editor of an excellent series of the Lives of the British Poets, with a voluminous edition of their works. This gentleman at once perceived the uncommon excellence of the poetry contained in the rejected manuscript. There were many exuberant passages in it, however, which, at his recommendation, the young poet judiciously expunged; and many others were modified and no doubt improved at the suggestion of the friendly critic. The work, thus carefully revised, Dr. Anderson, to whom the author very gratefully inscribed it, not only caused it to be published, but by glowing eulogiums in several of the Edinburgh journals, so recommended it to the public, that its merits became speedily known, and the fame of the poet was at once established. Campbell, however, in his anxiety to remove every obstacle that stood in the way of the publication, had disposed of the copyright for ten pounds; and this small sum was all the direct remuneration which he at first received, for a work which brought for twenty years to the publishers a profit of nearly three hundred pounds a year. It is said, indeed, that afterwards a small additional sum and the profit of the fourth edi-

tion were awarded him. His pecuniary circumstances were at this time very unpromising, and he was, as may be supposed, in no very good humour with the booksellers. It is related, that on a festive occasion he vented his spleen against them, at the apparent expense of his patriotism. The character and conduct of Napoleon was, at the time, generally disliked in Britain. The poet was called on for a toast. To the astonishment of the company, he gave "Bonaparte." An explanation was required. "Gentlemen," said he, "I give you Bonaparte in his character of executioner of the booksellers." Palm, the German bookseller, had been just executed by command of the first consul.

In the year 1800, Campbell went to the continent. He sailed for Hamburg, and travelled over a great part of Germany. He visited the principal of the universities, with the view of acquiring the German language, and forming an acquaintance with the professors and other literati of those seminaries. He happened to be in the vicinity of Hohenlinden at the time of the severe contest which took place there between the French and Austrian armies. He witnessed the combat from the walls of a convent, and afterwards followed the bloody track of Moreau's army over the field of battle.

In Germany, Campbell became acquainted with many literary and political characters of high note, among whom were the two celebrated Schlegels, and the still more celebrated Klopstock, then far advanced

in the vale of life. He spent rather more than a year on the continent, and then for the first time visited London.

While at Hamburg, Campbell wrote his beautifully pathetic song, of the "Exile of Erin." It was set to the national air of "Erin go bragh," and is worthy of being associated with that noble production of Irish minstrelsy, which it will accompany to the latest posterity. He was inspired with the touching strains of this song, by witnessing, in the vicinity of his residence, the grief of some Irish exiles, who had been obliged to leave their country on account of the active part they had taken in the rebellion of 1798.

Soon after his arrival in London, he published his three very spirited and popular odes, "Hohenlinden," "The Battle of the Baltic," and "Ye Mariners of England." In 1803, he married a Miss Sinclair, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, with whom he lived happily until she died, in 1828. He now took a house in the agreeable village of Sydenham, where he continued to reside for upwards of sixteen years, occupied chiefly in literary avocations.

It was shortly after his retirement to the shades of Sydenham, that Campbell wrote his "Gertrude of Wyoming," which some critics have pronounced, we think very erroneously, his best work. It is a prettily told tale, in the Spenserian stanza, very tender in some of its sentiments, and picturesque in its descriptions. But it is frequently languid in its tone, and monotonously pensive. Its scenes are laid amidst the woods

and mountains of Pennsylvania; yet, although picturesque in the abstract, they contain nothing specially characteristic of American scenery. On the contrary, elf-haunted flower-plats, shepherds playing on timbrels to dancing maidens, pastoral savannas, and flowery valleys where young ladies recline at noon under the shade of palm trees, reading Shakspeare, are certainly what no one ever witnessed, or need expect ever to witness, in the Wyoming Valley, until the climate of Pennsylvania ceases to produce venomous reptiles and stinging insects in the summer months, and the fierce freezing blasts of the northwestern winds in those of winter. Instead also of the Valley of Wyoming having been the scene of profound tranquillity and happiness previous to the revolutionary war, which Campbell has imagined, it was by far the most distracted and unhappy portion of Pennsylvania, in consequence of the perpetual and often bloody contests for the sovereignty of the district, carried on between the Connecticut settlers and the government of the province. If it be said that a poet is not obliged to swear to the truth of his song, it may be replied, that neither is a reader obliged to yield belief to known falsehood, although it be uttered in verse. The poet who should sing in strains equal to Homer himself, that Bonaparte vanquished Wellington at Waterloo, would gain few admirers among men of sense. When fiction is employed in poetry, it will always be judicious to place its scenes where neither history nor topography can dissipate the illusion it creates, otherwise the well-

informed reader will be more apt to be offended at the large demands made on his credulity, than pleased with the beauty of the fictions presented to his contemplation. But it is not our province in this place to criticise this poetical tale. Our design is only to rebuke those who, without any support from reason, or sanction from the public voice, characterize it as a superior production to "The Pleasures of Hope." It is a simple tale, languidly told, full of puling sentiment, false scenery, and improbable incidents; but presenting an attractive picture of innocence, virtue, and female loveliness in the heroine, and of wild energy and fidelity in the untutored, though somewhat too philosophical Oneida savage. But where does it exhibit the energy, the terseness, the variety, the sententiousness, and the spirit-stirring appeals to the heart, which abound in "The Pleasures of Hope?"

About the time of the appearance of "Gertrude of Wyoming," Campbell received the appointment of professor of poetry in the Royal Institution, where he delivered a course of valuable lectures, which have since been published. He also undertook the editing of a number of volumes of selections from the British poets, with critical remarks, which indicate much acumen in the discovery and analysis of the beauties and defects of our most popular poets. The style of these criticisms, however, has been censured for displaying an undue fastidiousness in respect to phraseology, which has occasioned him in many places to

sacrifice strong and clear sense to the attainment of polished and agreeable expression.

In 1819, Campbell again visited the continent, and spent some time in Vienna, where he was enabled to observe the manners and policy of a despotic government, and to contrast their effects on the condition and habits of the people, with those which result from the free institutions of his own country. The high value which such study taught such an ardent friend to liberty to place on the latter, may well be imagined. He left one of his sons at the University of Bonn, and in 1820 returned to England, where he undertook the management of the New Monthly Magazine. To this work his name was of more value than his contributions. Of every thing which he wrote for it, he took care that the public should be apprized by the announcement of his name.

In 1824, Campbell published his "Theodric, a Domestic Tale;" the insipidity and flatness of which disgusted the public and astonished the critics. Considered as the production of the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," it furnishes, perhaps, the most remarkable instance of the loss of high poetical powers, to be found in the history of literature.

Campbell has the high honour to be regarded, we believe justly, as the projector of that noble and useful institution, the University of London. Having conceived the idea, he applied himself with an energy and zeal which he had not for many years been accustomed to apply to any pursuit, in recommending it to the

public, until at length he aroused the leading men of the city, headed by the indefatigable Brougham, to set about accomplishing the undertaking. In such a city as London, when once the citizens became convinced of the utility of the design, funds for its execution could not be long wanting. When Campbell, however, saw the business taken hold of by more active and persevering men than himself, he relapsed into his former quiescent habits; and contenting himself with occasionally attending committees, left the management to others whose skill and activity in business details exceeded his own. He had the satisfaction, however, to see the work go forward with unexampled rapidity, for in less than three years after he had made his project known to the public, the university was in full operation.

The reader of this sketch has thus far seen nothing but prosperity attending the career of the poet of Hope. This prosperity seemed to have been crowned by an event which must have been extremely grateful to his feelings; that of having been elected by the students of his *Alma Mater*, the university of his native city, the lord rector of that ancient seat of learning, for three successive years, although the influence of the professors was exerted against him, and the candidates opposed to him were individuals of no less merit and renown than the minister Canning and Sir Walter Scott.

But the life of Mr. Campbell has not passed without its share of tribulation. He has experienced

domestic afflictions of peculiar severity. Of his two sons, one died when he was approaching his twentieth year, and the fate of the other was still more calamitous. He had been left at the University of Bonn, as has been already stated. He there in a short time exhibited symptoms of insanity, so decided as to oblige his father to have him brought to England, where the disease, although it assumed a milder form, became confirmed and incurable. He was for some years placed in a lunatic asylum, where, the derangement gradually abating, the unhappy young man became altogether harmless, and his father took him home. This calamity may well be supposed to have been the source of the keenest sufferings to the mind of a father constituted like that of Campbell.

Campbell is of small stature, and slender, but well made. His countenance indicates great sensibility, and something of distrust or rather fastidiousness in regard to the exercise of his own powers in any undertaking. His expression is generally grave; his eyes are large, of a blue colour, and remarkably striking. His nose is aquiline, and his hair dark, and he has long worn a peruke of the same colour. In the disposition of his mind, he has all the irritable characteristics of the poet. He is quick in his impulses; but charitable and kind. It is said that he indulges in few amusements; the company of a friend and social conversation being the recreations in which he most delights.

DISSERTATION

ON THE

POEM OF THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

"Were it not for Hope," says the proverb, "the heart would break." And thousands and tens of thousands of human beings have, in the midst of accumulated misfortunes, felt the truth of the saying.

But it is not on the minds of the unfortunate alone, that Hope exerts her benign influence. They who, in possession of youth, health, and joyous spirits, pursue the glittering and smiling agents of pleasure, and they who, spurred by ambition or avarice, labour in pursuit of power or riches, are alike animated on their paths by the universal stimulator to all exertion and sweetener of all toil; precious and consoling Hope.

To select such a pleasing attribute of the mind, for the subject of song, was a happy conception in Campbell; and to sing it so well, was an achievement which has gained him immortality. His poem is one of those lucky exertions of the intellect, which have occasionally burst upon the world with a force and permanency of splendour, unexpected even by their

authors, and beyond their power a second time to produce. In this particular there is a striking similarity between the production of "The Pleasures of Imagination" and "The Pleasures of Hope." They were both written in the nonage of their authors, who never afterwards produced any work comparable to them, although both lived to a mature age, cultivating literature and devoted to the muses. The minds of these authors, as well as their ages, at the time they composed these exquisite poems, seem to have been similarly conditioned, and imbued with the same species of inspiration. Warmed by the intellectual excitements of collegiate studies, and full of admiration for the beauties of classical literature and ancient poetry, they were prompted to an emulation of what they admired; and although using a different language from the great bards whose fascinating strains had won their affections, and animated them for the time with powers not their own, they poured into that language, thoughts and numbers characteristic of the source of their inspiration, and worthy even of the bards at whose shrines the fervour of their youthful genius had been awakened. Hence the frequent allusions to Grecian times, to Grecian mythology, to Grecian history, to Grecian arts, literature, poetry, heroism, and liberty, with which these poems abound. Hence, also, the full-flowing energy and sounding harmony of their numbers: for such numbers—warm with music—could have been produced only by men

whose souls were rendered musical by the mellifluousness of Grecian song.

These poems,—written as they were by students whose views of nature and feelings of song were yet uncorrupted by the contagion of fashionable theories, or the eccentricities of new schools; and whose generous aspirations and youthful ardour were yet unchecked and uncooled by the chilling influence of worldly experience,—breathe all the freshness of nature and the fervour of romance, in strains glowing, polished, and melodious, as the great classical models whose beauties had inspired them. But after the authors of these poems left the inspiring atmosphere of their colleges, and mingled with the busy world, what did they produce answerable to the expectations awakened by the high promise of their academical efforts? Let the dull odes of Akenside, and the whining Gertrude, and the insipid Theodric, of Campbell, reply. Their contact with real life may not have impaired their general intellectual powers, but it seems to have blunted their poetical feelings, chilled their classical enthusiasm, and rendered them too prone to comply with the artificial tastes in poetry which happened to be the fashion of the day. It is true that the muse of Campbell has occasionally exhibited transient and short gleams of her youthful brilliancy. But they have been like the angel visits of which he speaks, "few and far between." Their whole amount is comprised in a few lyrical effusions, which, although excellent in their kind, are in regard

to our poetical literature, when compared with "The Pleasures of Hope," utterly insignificant. As for Akenside, who reads any other of his productions than "The Pleasures of Imagination?"

The topics which Campbell has selected for illustrating the influence of Hope on the happiness of man, are all well adapted to poetry, although some of them are defective in strict applicability to the subject, and others in philosophical accuracy. Indeed, the extreme popularity of the poem is owing to the charms of its poetry alone; and such is the power of those charms, that no reader of taste and feeling will pause, amidst the admiration they excite, to question the appropriateness of an illustration, the correctness of a metaphor, or the soundness of an inference. The work commences with, perhaps, the most brilliant opening of any poem extant. This has been said to be injudicious on the part of the poet, as subjecting him to the necessity of maintaining throughout the production an equal strain of elevation and splendour, or of inflicting on the reader the disagreeable sensation of witnessing a falling off from the grandeur of such a commencement. But this censure, however it may impeach the prudence of the poet, has no application to the merits of the poem; and on the poet's behalf, it may be triumphantly asserted, that difficult as was the achievement, the brilliancy of the opening paragraph is well sustained through the whole poem; the inequalities observable in it, being only such as show its beauties in greater relief, and render it a more attractive pro-

duction than it would be if it consisted of a uniform and unblemished piece of splendour.

But truly beautiful and popular as this poem is, it has been, by various critics, subjected to much severer charges than the one we have just noticed. Its frequent allusions to Grecian mythology have been stigmatized as the commonplaces of schoolboys in their poetical exercises. Such a charge may be brought, with equal justice, against the productions of the best and greatest of our poets. There are none more obnoxious to it than those of the immortal Milton himself. We do not advocate the overloading of English poetry with images borrowed from either the fictions or the facts of pagan antiquity. But the habit of certain critics in passing indiscriminate censure on all who draw poetical embellishments from the classical and native land of the muses, we think has been carried to an illiberal and overstrained excess. We would not exclude the poet from this, more than from any other source of materials for enriching his song. We would leave him here, as elsewhere, to the exercise of his own free will, so that, like the bee, he might roam at large wherever fancy may lead him, and gather sweets from the flowers of whatever field he may choose to explore. If he exceeds discretion, and cloys his readers with too many sweets of the same character, he becomes censurable, although those sweets may be in themselves as desirable, wholesome, and pleasant as any that could be possibly extracted from other sources.

This poem has also, like "The Pleasures of Memory," been subjected to the charge of being too polished and laboured in its versification. This charge is like blaming a lapidary for being too tasteful in the setting of his gems, or a painter for being too accurate in the laying on of his colours. "The Pleasures of Memory," being a comparatively feeble poem, has had its feebleness ascribed, perhaps not altogether justly, to its extreme polish. But there is no feebleness in "The Pleasures of Hope." It is strong with thought; it is strong with expression. Every sentence strikes the mind with meaning, and every couplet charms the ear with music. Whatever care, therefore, has been expended in polishing and harmonizing the diction of this poem, has not been expended in vain; and no reader, it is believed, will condemn that labour which has been employed so successfully in administering to his pleasure.

It is doubtful, however, whether in the composition of this poem, Campbell employed such extreme care and labour as has been asserted. He published it when he was but twenty-one. He could not, therefore, have kept it nine years under the file, according to the advice of Horace; and it is certain that there are passages of it, which exhibit as much negligence as the warmest admirer of inaccuracy could desire. In the following lines there is not only a mistatement as to the place of the event mentioned, but there is more than one blunder in the language:—

"Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, *ere* his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man."

The Scripture informs us, that it was from the eastern bank of the Jordan opposite Jericho, a distance of more than seventy miles from Mount Carmel, that the translation of Elijah took place. One would naturally suppose that the prophet must have been in the act of ascending, when his mantle "dropt on the world." Yet the poet says, that it dropt *ere* his flight began, and while the chariot wheels were preparing to ascend.

There are several obscurities in the poem, which could have been obviated by very little care on the part of the author. We select the two following instances because the author seems to have been aware of them himself, having found it necessary to explain each of them in a note. Explanatory notes appended to a serious poem, are, at best, but awkward substitutes for clearness of thought and language.

"With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of heaven another string."

The last line of this couplet, it appears by the explanatory note, does not, as the reader would suppose, refer to any of Franklin's electrical discoveries; but to the discovery of the Georgium Sidus, or eighth planet, by Herschel, which discovery is fantastically enough called "yielding the lyre of heaven another string,'

because the seven other planets were, among the Greeks, symbolical of Apollo's harp.

> "Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd
> The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade."

This is very indistinctly explained by quoting a line of Dryden :—

> "Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade."

From the context, we, indeed, with the aid of this line, gather the meaning to be an imprecation of shame on those who spend the prime of life in the enjoyments of love, instead of devoting it to the nobler pursuits of genius.

Such obscurities are certainly blemishes in the poem; and have arisen manifestly from inattention or indolence in the author. Instead of censuring him, therefore, for too much labour and care in its composition, we wish that he had exerted a little more of both, so that we might at all times have understood his poetry without having recourse to his prose.

There is one instance of false rhyme—or rather *no* rhyme—which would appear incompatible with the extreme fastidiousness ascribed to the author of this poem :—

> "Thy darling form shall seem to hover *nigh*,
> And hush the groan of life's last ag*ony*."

As was observed in the notice taken of some similar oversights in "The Pleasures of Memory," Eng-

lish rhyme can never be made of syllables commencing with the same consonants.

Campbell appears to be more justly censurable for the frequent irrelevancy of his topics to his main subject, and the occasional offences against sound philosophy in his reasonings, than for superfluous care and labour in the composition of his poem.

An instance of the first is to be found in the animated and glowing passage relative to the sufferings of Poland, and her gallant but unsuccessful struggles against her merciless conquerors. Such a picture of *hopeless* calamity would seem to be rather an ill-chosen illustration of the Pleasures of Hope. Yet it is an impressive and affecting picture, drawn in the most masterly style of poetical colouring, and irrelevant as it apparently is, in the position it occupies, no reader of good taste or feeling would desire its removal. The same may be said of the Libyan and Hindoo sufferings, so feelingly described in the first part of the poem, and of the apostrophe to love, and the fine eulogium on woman in the second. What special connexion have they with the delights conferred by Hope? There is a latent connexion, it is true. But it is too imperceptible for the vision of every reader. In the very depths of despair, Hope comes and confers consolation; and Love worshipping at the shrine of beauty would soon cool of his ardour and tire of his adoration, if it were not for the suggestions of Hope. But this application of these topics to his subject is not clearly enough expressed by the poet for the com-

prehension of the rapid reader; nor would it, at the time of perusal, be apt to occur to the most attentive, unless he should pause to scrutinize and investigate it.

As an example of false philosophy in the poem, the very last sentiment—that of *Hope lighting her torch at Nature's funeral pile*, may be adduced. When fruition, at the consummation of all things, shall be attained, will Hope be requisite? Or a question still more pointed may be asked, When Nature herself shall be destroyed, how can Hope survive? Can she expect to outlive Nature? If she does, for what purpose will be her prolonged existence? It is true, that by the word Nature, the poet may mean only the material creation, which Christianity teaches us will pass away, and be succeeded by a new heaven and a new earth. But the phrase, to say the least of it, is ambiguous, and comports but little with that anxiety to attain complete accuracy in both thought and expression throughout this work, which has been so currently ascribed to its author. That wayward and eccentric critic, William Hazlitt, after a severe assault on the fastidiousness of composition displayed in "The Pleasures of Memory," says, "'Campbell's Pleasures of Hope' is of the same school, in which a painful attention is paid to the expression in proportion as there is little to express, and the decomposition of prose is substituted for the composition of poetry!!" We cannot deny that Campbell paid this painful attention to the composition of his work, for we

know not the facts of the case; but we assert that the work affords no proof of it.

No reader of good taste will, on account of the slight blemishes which we have noticed, quarrel with this beautiful poem. Its topics, relevant or irrelevant, are always pleasing, its thoughts striking, its language forcible, and its versification animated, varied, flowing, and uncommonly melodious. Its bursts of passion frequently take the reader by surprise, and involve him in a dream of admiration and delight.

For instance, after his powerful sketch of the horrors of the conquest and devastation of Poland, the poet suddenly exclaims :—

"O righteous Heaven! ere freedom found a grave,
Why slept thy sword omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?"

And again, speaking of men destitute of generous impulses, and whose hearts are engrossed with pride and selfishness, he abruptly addresses them in the following strain of lofty poetical scorn :—

"But triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few!
Fire, nature, genius never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture uttered vows, and wept between;

'Tis yours unmoved to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet."

What heart but must be moved by such appeals, and yield homage to the poetry in which they are conveyed?

The first part of this poem deals in topics less abstract than the second. It is by many, therefore, considered the more pleasing, and is on the whole, perhaps, the more popular of the two. Some of the pictures relating to individual feelings and conditions are extremely natural and touching. The consolations of hope in wedded life, when it is overtaken by poverty and the neglect of the world, are expressed in the finest strains of affecting poetry:—

"O! there, prophetic Hope! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store,
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
Tell that, when silent years have passed away,
That when his eyes grow dim, his tresses gray,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from heaven propitious dews to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;
Tell that, when love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour,
The social pleasures of his humble bower."

Then follows an unrivalled picture of a mother watching her infant sleeping, which whoever can peruse without a full heart, must be destitute of all the qualities that render a man worthy of the esteem and respect of society. With what tenderness does the contemplative mother breathe over the cradle of her slumbering boy the following aspirations!

"And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt thou, sweet mourner, at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
O wilt thou come, at evening hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love and all my wo?"

And the following picture—who has ever perused it without feeling that poetry is the true painter of our condition, and the irresistible controller of our best affections?

"And mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard that soothes though half untrue;
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more;
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by;
Condemn'd on penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
E'en he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,

Where round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossom'd bean-field and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
O! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade to yield my sickly form,
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrows such as mine!
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer!"

The second part of the poem does not so immediately address itself to our temporary concerns as the first,—its topics are not so closely connected with our condition in this life, either individually, or socially, or politically. But it more solemnly addresses our reason, and interests us in the concerns of a future existence. It draws its sentiments from a more elevated source, and in strains truly sublime, inculcates lessons of the purest and most important character. The strengthening influence of hope in the hour of death is thus expressed:—

"Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour;
O! then thy kingdom comes, immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phœnix spirit burns within."

There is a wonderful sublimity in the imagery, as well as force in the diction of the passage in relation to the return of the human soul to its heavenly origin, on being released by death from its corporeal habitation.

"Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels from whence he rose;
Doom'd on his airy path a while to burn,
And doom'd like thee to travel and return—
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of heaven,
Careers the fiery giant fast and far,
On bickering wheels and adamantine car;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought,
But wheeling homeward when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!"

The poet then, in vigorous strains, exposes the heartlessness and horror of the doctrine of materialism and annihilation; and illustrates its unhappy influence by some affecting lines on the fate of a suicide:—

"And well may doubt, the mother of dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!

There as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!
And there they say a wizard spirit crowds,
When the moon lights her watch-tower in the clouds.
Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!
Mild be the doom of Heaven! as thou wert mild
For O! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless but the last.
Poor lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!
When friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drown'd,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground!"

The hope of meeting in a better world, which consoles the parting hour of faithful friends, is illustrated in a well-narrated and affecting farewell interview between a convict father and his beloved daughter on his departure into perpetual banishment :—

"And weep not thus," he cried, "young Ellenore;
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!
Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
Th' immortal ties of nature shall expire;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away.
Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die!
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkness—unassuaged by tears!"

The last paragraph of the poem has been much praised for sublimity. We have already spoken of it

with some disapprobation. We think it rather pompous than sublime. To allow its meaning to pass as consistent with sound philosophy, requires that it should be indulged in the *poetica licentia*, to a degree which good poetry will never ask. It betrays an evident straining for an effective conclusion; and reminds us of the tasteless flourish which some injudicious musicians take the liberty of appending to the most beautiful airs. The most agreeable and effective close that can be given to a literary performance, is that which, avoiding every appearance of effort, springs naturally and easily from the preceding topics; and which, while its simplicity prevents it from startling the reader, possesses sufficient force to fix his attention and impress itself on his memory.

We have here specified nearly all the faults which we have discovered in this excellent poem. But we have not taken notice of the hundredth part of the beauties. We had not space, for we could fill a volume by descanting on its merits. We have been obliged, therefore, to only glance at some of the most prominent, although, perhaps, not the most powerful, of its attractions. As a whole, we consider it one of the most highly finished and pleasing poems of a didactic character, with which we are acquainted; and we believe that the majority of the readers of English poetry at this day, would, rather than part with it from their national literature, consent to the annihilation of one-half of the poetry which has appeared since the beginning of the present century.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

ANALYSIS.

The poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate—the influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated—an allusion is made to the well-known fiction in Pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind—the consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress—the seaman on his midnight watch—the soldier marching into battle—allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science or of taste—domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness—picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep—pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery, a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society—the wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations—from these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by melancholy contrast of ideas we are led to reflect upon the

hard fate of a brave people, recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence—description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague—apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement—the wrongs of Africa—the barbarous policy of Europeans in India—prophecy in the heathen mythology of the expected descent of the Deity, to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.

THE

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

At summer eve, when heaven's aërial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tints appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And every form that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of joy's anticipated hour?

Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis nature pictured too severely true.

With thee, sweet hope! resides the heavenly light
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play:
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To pleasure's path, or glory's bright career.

Primeval hope, th' Aonian muses say,
When man and nature mourn'd their first decay;
When every form of death, and every wo,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When murder bared his arm, and rampant war
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When peace and mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's height to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every wo:
Won by their sweets, in nature's languid hour
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There as the wild-bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought
away.

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and ocean's wildest shore.
Lo! to the wintry wind the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

Now far he sweeps where scarce a summer smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
And waft across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep.
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul:
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to his master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line;
When all is still on death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil;
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow and spirit-speaking eye,

Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum.

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore—(*a*)
In torrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the wind, and cradled on the rock,
To wake each joyless morn, and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men,
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Knows not a trace of nature but the form;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale but intrepid, sad but unsubdued,
Pierced the deep woods, and, hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star;
Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyenas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend! (*b*)

Congenial hope! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour!
On yon proud height, with genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

"Go, child of heaven, (thy winged words proclaim,)
'Tis thine to search the boundless field of fame!
Lo! Newton, priest of nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star!
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye?
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of heaven another string. (c)

"The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bowers, (d)
His winged insects and his rosy flowers;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain—
So once, at Heaven's command, the wanderers came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

"Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,
Slow pass the sons of wisdom, more sublime,
Calm as the fields of heaven, his sapient eye
The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high;
Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the father sage;
'Shall nature bound to earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man?'

"Turn, child of heaven, thy rapture-lighten'd eye
To wisdom's walk,—the sacred nine are nigh:

Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian
height,
From streams that wander in eternal light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell;
Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow, (e)
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

"Beloved of heaven! the smiling muse shall
shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.
I see thee roam her guardian power beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;
Inquire of guilty wanderers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly name;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell

"When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love and walks of tender joy;
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;
While beauty's deeply-pictured smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

"Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in mercy's mellow stream;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile;
On nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassion'd souls the joy of grief?

"Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be given,
And power on earth to plead the cause of heaven:
The proud, the cold, untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand. (*f*)
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth;
Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to nature's plan;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man!

"Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's command,
When Israel march'd along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path—a never-setting star:
So heavenly genius, in thy course divine,
Hope is thy star, her light is ever thine."

Propitious power! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy;

When doom'd to poverty's sequester'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
O there, prophetic hope! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his later age.
What though for him no Hybla's sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,
That when his eyes grow dim, his tresses gray,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from heaven propitious dews to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;
Tell, that while love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy:

No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

"And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
O, wilt thou come, at evening hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love and all my wo?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;

How fondly looks admiring hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile!
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom true to sympathy!

Where is the troubled heart consign'd to share
Tumultuous toils or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of fortune's better day!
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd wo.

Chide not his peace, proud reason! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore,
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and shrieking in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze!
Poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,
'Till memory fled her agonizing brain:—

But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of wo,
Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow!
Warm on her heart the joys of fancy beam,
And aimless hope delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Piled on the steep, her blazing fagots burn
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep,
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue;
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more;
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by;
Condemn'd on penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
E'en he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
O! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form,
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!

There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrows such as mine!
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

Hope! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be,
I watch the wheels of nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright improvement! on the car of time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk;
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at summer's opening day;
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men;
And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew, as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damned rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,

Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies (*i*)—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
Truth, mercy, freedom, yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines, (*g*)
Truth shall pervade th' unfathom'd darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair.—
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that Heaven bestow'd:
Fierce in his eyes the fire of valour burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

O! sacred truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued oppression pour'd to northern wars
Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man! (*h*)

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
O! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save;
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow men! our country yet remains!

By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live! with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd!
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply;
Then peal'd the notes omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—
O! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her wo!
Dropt from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career!—
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell.

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the ramparts yield a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay;

Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious nature shudder'd at the cry!

O! righteous Heaven! ere freedom found a grave,
Why slept thy sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast?
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van;
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
O! once again to freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE of *Bannockburn!*

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free;
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of desolation reigns;

Truth shall restore the light by nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of heaven!
Prone to the dust oppression shall be hurl'd,—
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!

Ye that the rising moon invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark;
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish the song of hope untrue!
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of genius, and the powers of man;
Perhaps ye watch, at pride's unhallow'd shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine:—
"Here shall thy triumph, genius, cease; and here,
Truth, science, virtue, close your short career."

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit mind's unwearied spring:
What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
No:—the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand;—
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
Still must thou live a blot on nature's brow?
Shall war's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?
What! are thy triumphs, sacred truth, belied?
Why then hath Plato lived—or Sidney died?

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully s name
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!
Wrapt in historic ardour, who adore
Each classic haunt and well-remember'd shore,
Where valour tuned, amid her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath valour left the world—to live no more?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when suffering freedom calls,
Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?

Yes! in that generous cause for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue, and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic hope may trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;

Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of nature as they play,
Or, warm with fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below!

And say, supernal powers! who deeply scan
Heaven's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame,
That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—
That friend of nature, whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil,
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men! th' expected day
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away;
Trade, wealth, and fashion ask you still to bleed,
And holy men give scripture for the deed;
Scourged and debased, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave!

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
Had heaved the floods, and fix'd the trembling land,
When life sprung startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all;
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee
To wear eternal chains, and bow the knee?

Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil;
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
No!—Nature stamp'd us in a heavenly mould?
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!
No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name and weep!

Lo! once in triumph on his boundless plain,
The quiver'd chief of Congo loved to reign!
With fires proportion'd to his native sky,
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye!
Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumined zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods his own!
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man!

The plunderer came:—alas! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles!
For ever fallen! no son of nature now,
With freedom charter'd on his manly brow:
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,
And, when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,
Starts, with a bursting heart, for evermore
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore.
The shrill horn blew! (*k*) at that alarum knell
His guardian angel took a last farewell!
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind!—

Poor fetter'd man! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallow'd vows to guilt, the child of wo!
Friendless thy heart! and, canst thou harbour
there
A wish but death—a passion but despair?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires!
So falls the heart at thraldom's bitter sigh!
So virtue dies, the spouse of liberty!

But not to Libya's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh!
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run!
Prolific fields! dominions of the sun!
How long your tribes have trembled, and obey'd!
How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd! (*l*)
Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,
Raged o'er your plunder'd shrines and altars bare,
With blazing torch and gory scimitar,—
Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale,
Yet could no pangs th' immortal spirit tame,
When Brama's children perish'd for his name;
The martyr smiled beneath avenging power,
And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud barks their winding way to shape,
And braved the stormy spirit of the cape; (*m*)
Children of Brama! then was mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?
Did peace descend, to triumph and to save,
When freeborn Britons cross'd the Indian wave?
Ah, no!—to more than Rome's ambition true,
The nurse of freedom gave it not to you!
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate trade! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,
While famish'd nations died along the shore; (*n*)
Could mock the groans of fellow men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair!
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter with their gold, eternal shame!

But hark! as bow'd to earth the Bramin kneels,
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals!
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds, that awe the listening mind,
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say,)
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew;
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er th' alarmed world! (*o*)
Nine times hath guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulsive trembled as the Mighty came!
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—
But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again:
He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high!
Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm!
Wide waves his flickering sword, his bright arms glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below!
Earth, and her trembling isles in ocean's bed,
Are shook, and nature rocks beneath his tread.

"To pour redress on India's injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;
To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore,
With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,
The tenth Avater comes! at Heaven's command
Shall Seriswattee (*p*) wave her hallow'd wand!
And Camdeo bright! and Genesa sublime,
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!
Come, heavenly Powers! primeval peace restore!
Love!—mercy!—wisdom! rule for evermore!"

NOTES

TO

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

Note (*a.*) And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore.

The following picture of his own distress, given by Byron in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description in page 225.

After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus :—"A day or two after, we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take every thing out of their canoes, and carry it over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward, and then to the northward; here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp; and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwam; so that all they could do was to prop up the bark which they carry in the bottom of

their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal; but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We laboured all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night, as we had frequently done, under a tree; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar, without any kind of nourishment, except the wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted of a short grieko, (something like a bear-skin,) a piece of red cloth which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trousers, without shoes or stockings."

Note (*b.*) A Briton and a friend.

Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

Note (*c.*) Or yield the lyre of heaven another string.

The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolical representation of the seven planets. Herschel, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

Note (*d.*) The Swedish sage. Linnæus.

Note (*e.*) Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow.

Loxias is a name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers: it is met with more than once in the Chœphoræ of Æschylus.

Note (*f*.) Unlocks a generous store at thy command
Like Horeb's rock beneath the prophet's hand.

See Exodus, chap. xvii. 3. 5, 6.

Note (*i*.) Wild Obi flies.

Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Obiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have therefore personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirit of their religious creed by a different appellation.

Note (*g*.) Sibir's dreary mines.

Mr. Bell of Antermony, in his travels through Siberia, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced Siber by the Russians.

Note (*h*.) Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature, by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven, for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

Note (*k*.) The shrill horn blew.

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

Note (*l*.) How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd?

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the Preface to Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, a work of elegance and celebrity :—

"The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it, either by persuasion or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily the injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history.

"The same overwhelming torrent which had inundated the greater part of Africa, burst its way into the very heart of Europe, and covered many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation, directed its baleful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquests opposed by objects which neither the ardour of their persevering zeal nor savage barbarity could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope, that by the destruction of a part, the remainder might be persuaded, or terrified, into the profession of Mahomedanism; but all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length, being fully convinced, that though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea with which they had entered upon their career of conquest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan."—*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, by Eliza Hamilton.*

Note (*m.*) And braved the stormy spirit of the Cape.

See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from Cameons, by Mickle.

Note (*n.*) While famish'd nations died along the shore.

The following account of the British conduct, and its consequences in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage. After describing the monopoly of salt, betel-nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus:—"Money in this current came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores: they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had or dying. The inhabitants sunk;—they had cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt—scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued. In some districts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied."—*Short History of English Transactions in the East Indies*, page 145.

Note (*o.*) Nine times hath Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er the prostrate world!

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. Avater is the word used to express his descent.

Note (*p.*) And Camdeo bright, and Genesa sublime.

Camdeo is the god of love, in the mythology of the Hindoos. Genesa and Seriswattee correspond to the pagan deities Janus and Minerva.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART II.

ANALYSIS.

Apostrophe to the power of love—its intimate connexion with generous and social sensibility—allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete, till love was superadded to its other blessings—the dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when hope is animated by refined attachment—this disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist, who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find—a summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and imagination inseparable agents—even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and more distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of hope, is the con-

cluding topic of the poem,—the predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution—the baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts—allusion to the fate of a suicide—Episode of Conrad and Ellenore—Conclusion.

THE

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART II.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;
There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
In self-adoring pride securely mail'd;
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few!
Fire, nature, genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between;
'Tis yours, unmoved to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?

No: the wild bliss of nature needs alloy,
And care and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smiles from partial beauty won,
O! what were man? a world without a sun!

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild bird caroll'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow-wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray,—
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

True, the sad power to generous hearts may bring
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing!
Barr'd from delight by fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command!
Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph, or the frown of scorn;
While memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew!

Peace may depart—and life and nature seem
A barren path—a wilderness, and dream!

But, can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young genius brightening into day?
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade! (*a*)
If hope's creative spirit cannot raise
One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine!
But, should a sigh of milder mood express
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,
Should Heaven's fair harbinger delight to pour
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,
No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page,
No fears but such as fancy can assuage;
Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss,
The peaceful tenour of unvaried bliss,
(For love pursues an ever-devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace;)
Yet still may hope her talisman employ
To snatch from heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart!

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd
The queen of beauty in her Cyprian shade,

The happy master mingled on his piece
Each look that charm'd him in the fair of Greece!
To faultless nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face!
And, as he sojourn'd on the Ægean isles,
Woo'd all their love, and treasured all their smiles!
Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
And mortal charms seem'd heavenly when combined.
Love on the picture smiled! Expression pour'd
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece adored!

So thy fair hand, enamour'd fancy! gleans
Thy treasured pictures of a thousand scenes;
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage home, from towns and toils remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers;
Remote from busy life's bewilder'd way,
O'er all his heart shall taste and beauty sway;
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore;
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on nature with a poet's eye!
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods, and waves, and murmuring winds asleep
When fairy harps th' Hesperian planets hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,

His paths shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green!
No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound,
Heaven, earth, and ocean blazing all around!

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away!
And oft he lingers from his home a while
To watch the dying notes!—and start and smile!

Let winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm!
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the fagots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!

How blest he names, in love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by nature mark'd his own!
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,

Since Anna's empire o'er his heart began!
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man.

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home!
And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail
Some wayworn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in livid light the milky-way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour—
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile—
Thy woes, Arion! and thy simple tale, (*b*)
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail!
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true,
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to save,
And toil'd—and shriek'd—and perish'd on the wave!

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep;
There on his funeral waters dark and wild,
The dying father blest his darling child!
O! Mercy! shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died!

Or will they learn how generous worth sublimes
The robber Moor, (*c*) and pleads for all his crimes!
How poor Amelia kiss'd, with many a tear,
His hand blood-stain'd, but ever, ever dear!
Hung on the tortured bosom of her lord,
And wept, and pray'd perdition from his sword!
Nor sought in vain! at that heart-piercing cry
The strings of nature crack'd with agony!
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,
And burst the ties that bound him to the world!

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the wheel—
Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute;
Or, down the stream of truth's historic page,
From clime to clime descend, from age to age!

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
Than fancy fashions in her wildest mood;
There shall he pause, with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died—that Cæsar might be great! (*d*)
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore, (*e*)
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore;
Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groan'd his last!
File after file, the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet and hush the drum!
Horsemen and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang!

Yet, ere he sunk in nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,
Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh;
Imperial pride look'd sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at the sight!

Above, below, in ocean, earth, and sky,
Thy fairy worlds, imagination, lie,
And hope attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day!
In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere,
That gems the starry girdle of the year!
In those unmeasured worlds, she bids thee tell,
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,
Whose names and natures, unreveal'd below,
We yet shall learn and wonder as we know;
For as Iona's saint, a giant form, (*f*)
Throned on her towers, conversing with the storm,
(When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwined,
The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind,)
Counts every wave-worn isle and mountain hoar
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore;
So, when thy pure and renovated mind
This perishable dust hath left behind,
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,
Like distant isles embosom'd in the main;
Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,
And light and life in mingling torrents ran,

From whence each bright rotundity was hurl'd,
The throne of God,—the centre of the world!

O! vainly wise, the moral muse hath sung
That suasive hope hath but a siren tongue!
True; she may sport with life's untutor'd day,
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn
And part like Ajut—never to return! (*g*)

But yet, methinks, when wisdom shall assuage
The griefs and passions of our greener age,
Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flower that hail'd the dawning of the day;
Yet o'er her lovely hopes that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,
And weep their falsehood, though she love them still!

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled,
The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child!
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy
Smiled on his sire, and fill'd his heart with joy!
My Absalom! (the voice of nature cried;)
O! that for thee thy father could have died!
For bloody was the deed and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom!—my son!—my son!

Unfading hope; when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!

Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
O! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin!
And all the phœnix spirit burns within!

O! deep enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!
Where time's far-wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder pealing from the cloud!
While nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!
Melt and dispel, ye spectre doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!

Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay;
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled!
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doom'd on his airy path a while to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel and return—
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven
With sounds that shook the firmament of heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings emerging from the world·

And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

O! lives there, Heaven! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?—
There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail'd thee, man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay!
Frail as the leaf in autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower!
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean wrecks illuminate the storm;
And when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for evermore!

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath science search'd on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing?

Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of heaven?

O! star-eyed science, hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurell'd wreath that murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head;
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if heaven-ward hope remain!
But, if the warring winds of nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If chance awaked, inexorable power!
This frail and feverish being of an hour,
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain
This troubled pulse and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild-flowers, memorials of my doom!
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!
Truth, ever lovely, since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—

How can thy words from balmy slumbers start
Reposing virtue, pillow'd on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which nature never told,
Let wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field;
No rapture dawns, no pleasure is reveal'd!
O! let her read, nor lóudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

And well may doubt, the mother of dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale.
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!
There, as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the moon lights her watch-tower in the clouds.
Poor, lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!
Mild be the doom of Heaven—as thou wert mild!
For O! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless but the last.
Poor, lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!
When friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drown'd,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground!

Cease every joy to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—O! leave the light of hope behind!

What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel visits, few, and far between!
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please!

Yes! let each rapture, dear to nature, flee;
Close not the light of fortune's stormy sea—
Mirth, music, friendship, love's propitious smile
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to joy!—
But why so short is love's delighted hour?
Why fades the dew on beauty's sweetest flower?
Why can no hymned charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impassion'd spirits feel?
Can fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate?—

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of wisdom's worldly school,
Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!
When step-dame nature every bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;
When 'reft of all, yon widow'd sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To friendship, weeping at the couch of wo!
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—
Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to you,

Weep not, she says, at nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again!—

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu,
Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell!
Doom'd the long isles of Sydney Cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee!
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd, to bless thee and to part;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low
The plaint that own'd unutterable wo;
Till faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of nature and of time!

"And weep not thus, (he cried,) young Ellenore,
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!
Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
Th' immortal ties of nature shall expire;
These shall resist the triumph of decay
When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away!
Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die!
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal and the same,

Shall beam on joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkness—unassuaged by tears!

"Yet on that barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press th' uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

"Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled;
And when the dream of troubled fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;
Who then will soothe thy grief when mine is o'er?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied?
Ah! no: methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!
O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake,
And smile on innocence, for mercy's sake!"

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of love were hopeless, but for thee!

If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell!
If fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored a while in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship bless'd when life was new?

Eternal hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decay'd;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile!

NOTES

TO

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART II.

Note (*a.*) The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!
Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade.—*Dryden.*

Note (*b.*) Thy woes, Arion!

Falconer, in his poem, *The Shipwreck*, speaks of himself by the name of Arion. See Falconer's *Shipwreck*, Canto III.

Note (*c.*) The robber Moor.

See Schiller's tragedy of the Robber, scene v.

Note (*d.*) What millions died that Cæsar might be great.

The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Cæsar has been usually estimated at two millions of men.

Note (*e.*) Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore.

In this extremity, (says the biographer of Charles XII. of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa,) the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops: for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that two thousand men fell down dead with cold, before his eyes.

Note (*f*.) As on Iona's height.

The natives of the island of Iona have an opinion, that on certain evenings every year, the tutelary saint Columba is seen on the top of the church spires, counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft.

Note (*g*.) And part, like Ajut,—never to return.

See the history of Ajut and Anningait, in the Rambler.

M'HENRY'S

PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP.

IN TWO PARTS.

MEMOIR

OF

JAMES M'HENRY, M.D.

[The author of the subjoined memoir of Dr. M'Henry, is a gentleman of the bar, of much literary experience, residing in Philadelphia. To him the publisher is also indebted for the Dissertation on the poem of "The Pleasures of Friendship," presented to the readers of this volume. Long intimacy with the poet peculiarly fitted him for writing the memoir, while a thorough acquaintance with poetical literature eminently qualified him for writing the dissertation.—PUBLISHER.]

JAMES M'HENRY was born on the 20th December, 1785, in the town of Larne, county of Antrim, Ireland. After the death of his father, which happened in his twelfth year, he resided some years with a Presbyterian clergyman, under whose tuition he obtained a knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and whose character he has portrayed with much feeling in the poem of "The Pleasures of Friendship." Having when very young received an injury of the spine, it became necessary that, in the choice of a profession, he should select one which required

little physical exertion. It was the wish of his mother that he should become a minister of the Presbyterian church. His own inclination induced him to prefer the medical profession; and after the usual course of preparatory studies, he received a diploma from the medical faculty of the city of Glasgow. More recently an honorary degree in medicine was conferred upon him by the Washington College at Baltimore, under circumstances peculiarly gratifying to him and honourable to that institution. In 1811 he entered upon the practice of his profession in Larne. Soon afterwards he married, and removed to Belfast, where he continued in practice several years. In 1814, he became the editor of a literary journal published in that town, to which James Sheridan Knowles, the distinguished dramatic writer, was a contributor.

In 1817, Dr. M'Henry came with his family to the United States, and resided for a short time at Orwigsburg, in Pennsylvania. From that place he removed to Harmony, a village of Butler county in the same state.

The comparative retirement in which he there lived, afforded him both opportunities and inducements for the gratification of his taste in literature. These opportunities were not such as are afforded the classical student and the man of elegant leisure, who have constant access to large, well selected libraries, and enjoy so many other advantages in the prosecution of their literary researches and labours, in refined and populous cities. They were those which the man of

contemplative, inquiring, and cultivated mind will always seek and discover, in whatever situation he may be placed. The library of Dr. M'Henry, although not large, was chosen with discrimination and taste. By the training which he had received in academical studies, by his subsequent judicious reading, and long continued habits of reflection, and still more by his close and philosophical observation of men in all their varieties of character, and in all the conditions and circumstances of society, his mind had been well prepared for the production of whatever literary works he might project, and to the proper execution of which those advantages could be applied. The wild and romantic nature of the part of the country in which he resided, and the secluded mode of life which it induced, were peculiarly favourable to the indulgence of his literary disposition. By the terms wildness and romance are not invariably to be understood the rude, grotesque, and stern forms which material creation bears, or the rare and wonderful and varied appearance which external things assume. The unadorned and simple appearance of nature supplies abundant objects to gratify and charm the outward eye, and equally abundant themes for inward contemplation. The lofty mountain and gloomy forest, the impetuous river, the deep rugged glen, and the cultivated field and meadow, or the moderately swoln eminence, the gentle rivulet, the little, open wood, and the untilled, or desolate heath, are, to the eye of the true poet and the ardent admirer of nature, equally attract-

ive, and equally susceptible of the embellishment which his genius or his enthusiasm can impart to the delineation of them.

The country by which Dr. M'Henry was surrounded in his new residence, did not, in its entire appearance, combine all the attributes of grandeur which the enthusiastic votary of stern and savage nature requires to form his scenes of perfect sublimity and romance. But it was sufficiently wild and sequestered to be adapted to his poetical taste; and the leisure which he frequently enjoyed from the performance of his professional duties, enabled him to indulge his attachment to general literature. But it is not the visible aspect of nature which always suggests the best themes for poetical contemplation. It may, indeed, when the mind is predisposed to poetical feelings, increase the ardour with which they are indulged, or impart strength and fervency to the inspiration from which they derive their existence. Although the grand and nobler features which nature displays, may, in some degree, produce this effect on those by whom they are properly appreciated, they rarely or never exercise so much influence over the mind of the poet, as to subject it entirely to them, or to create the high and sublime conceptions from which the immortal productions of poetry deduce their origin. It is the deep and secret sources of his own thought, the glowing and involuntary outpourings of his genius, that produce the intense and indefinable emotions, which, when embodied in appropriate language, possess so

many charms for the unsophisticated heart, and exert such resistless power over the discriminating mind. The internal springs by which his reflections and feelings are set in motion, frequently obey the mysterious impulses which they receive from the sublime and beautiful conformations of outward objects, with which his own nature sympathizes, and to which he traces many of his purest and loftiest contemplations. But some of the most splendid and popular poetical works which have appeared in ancient or modern times, have no doubt been suggested by adventitious circumstances. Such circumstances, in themselves unimportant, but acting on minds peculiarly constituted, and enabled, by the vivacity and promptness of their action, to render them subservient to their purposes, have been eagerly seized and appropriated to the service of the muse, to which intellectual capacity less vigorous or less alert would not have considered them adapted.

It is to one of these accidental circumstances that the production of "The Pleasures of Friendship" is to be ascribed. The inconsiderable village in which the author lived, contained a population too small to afford much of that species of social intercourse which he wished to enjoy. In the year 1819, before he had established an intimacy with even those few inhabitants whose acquaintance he was desirous of cultivating, both he and his wife were, at the same time, attacked by severe indisposition. His disease, which was a violent rheumatism, continued

for several weeks. The only domestic whom he had been able to procure, suddenly abandoned his service, and he was left in his helpless condition, with a sick wife, and two young children, destitute of necessary household assistance. Had he been residing in his native country, his friends and relatives and neighbours would have hastened to offer him their sympathy and their benevolent offices. But in the wild and sequestered region to which he had recently removed, he was almost an entire stranger, and was destitute of many of the resources which more enlarged and refined society affords, and of the sympathies by which his physical and mental sufferings might have been alleviated. In the desponding state of mind which his forlorn situation induced, and after all the limited means of amusement which the little village where he lived afforded, were exhausted, his thoughts often reverted to the home of his nativity, and to the scenes of happiness which he had there enjoyed. He was thus insensibly led to the consideration of the pleasures which are derived from the mutual attachment of intimate friends. To divert his attention from the gloomy reflections which preyed upon him, and to engage his mind in more agreeable employment than they afforded, he wrote the poem of "The Pleasures of Friendship," the subject of which was so appropriate to his feelings, and so congenial to the sentiments which his situation naturally suggested. The first edition of this work, which consisted of only five hundred copies, was published at Pittsburg, with

no expectation of its circulation ever extending beyond the vicinity of that place. The poem, although thus first presented to public attention in a remote inland town, where general literature and poetical taste were but little cultivated, soon became known, and in proportion as a knowledge of it extended, its popularity increased. Since its first appearance in 1822, nine editions of it, including those issued on both sides of the Atlantic, have been published.

During his residence in Butler county, Dr. M'Henry, besides "The Pleasures of Friendship," wrote the novels of "O'Halloran" and "The Hearts of Steel." Several occasional poetical pieces, which he wrote at the same place, have been published in the volume that contains his principal poem. He remained at Harmony about four years, and then removed to Pittsburg, which he left in 1823, for Philadelphia, where he now resides. His poem of "Waltham," and his novels of "The Wilderness" and "The Spectre of the Forest," were written in Pittsburg. "The Wilderness" was published in New York, in the spring of 1823, and "The Spectre of the Forest," in the writing of which only seven weeks were occupied, first appeared in that city, in the autumn of the same year.

Not long after Dr. M'Henry's removal to Philadelphia, the proprietor of the American Monthly Magazine, a periodical work published there, engaged his services as its editor. He soon terminated his connexion with it, in consequence of a visit to Ireland, which was rendered necessary by business that re-

quired his attention, and the publication of the Maga-
zine was discontinued. Subsequently to his return from
that country to Philadelphia, which occurred in the
spring of 1826, he wrote in that city the tragedies of
"The Usurper" and "Wyoming," and the novels of
"The Betrothed of Wyoming" and "Meredith."

Both of the tragedies were performed in Philadel-
phia. "The Usurper," and the two novels last men-
tioned, were published in the same city.

The first poetical effusion of Dr. M'Henry, which
appeared in public, was that entitled "The Maid
of Tobergell." This piece was published in 1804, in
a Belfast newspaper, and attracted the attention of the
celebrated Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, who was so
much pleased with it, that he invited the author to his
house, encouraged him to persevere in his poetical
pursuits, and induced him to publish in Belfast, a
small collection of poetry, under the title of "The Bard
of Erin, and other Poems." This publication procured
for the author much attention, and many warm friends
among the admirers of poetical literature in the north
of Ireland. He was then, however, too deeply en-
gaged in professional studies, to pursue a poetical
career. At least, he appears, for a number of years
following, to have sought no poetical notoriety. It
was about this period, that he became acquainted
with the lady to whom he alludes in many of his
poetical pieces, under the name of Ellen, and of
whose character and destiny he has given an account
in the tale entitled "Ellen Stanfield, or the Victim of

Feeling," which was inserted, some years ago, in a periodical work published in Philadelphia.

Literature, as a profession, although it affords powerful incentives and enviable rewards to those who engage in it, subjects them to the influence of peculiar and inevitable circumstances, which it requires all their enthusiasm to induce them to encounter. The mental labour which they undergo, arduous and unremitted as it is, constitutes but a small part of the difficulties which they must surmount, before they can secure the honourable reputation, which is the object, and one of the best recompenses of their exertions.

It is not always the good fortune of literary men to receive the approbation of those by whom their efforts are examined and judged. They are still more rarely so fortunate as to be living auditors of their own praise, and to be pronounced by their contemporaries deserving of the approbation, to obtain which their long and arduous exertions have been made. Few of them escape the censure which prejudice or ignorance, malice or envy, casts upon their reputation; and still fewer overcome all obstacles to their permanent renown.

It will not be considered unjust to others, to assert that Dr. M'Henry has both deserved and obtained a degree of applause as a poet, which has not been exceeded by that which has been given to many of the best poetical writers of the present age. "The Pleasures of Friendship" may, with strict regard to truth, be said to have successfully endured the test of protracted time and of rigid criticism. The numerous editions

in which it has appeared, would afford ample evidence of its merit, even if its own intrinsic qualities did not render it worthy of high and long-continued favour. That many of his productions, first issued in the United States, have been reprinted in London, and that "O'Halloran," one of his novels, has been included in Whittingham's edition of standard English novels, published in that great metropolis of literature, are circumstances which certainly indicate, if they do not prove, that he has acquired a literary character, which may, with justice, be considered well earned and honourable.

Although Dr. M'Henry has not recently published any avowed production, he has been a frequent contributor to many of the public journals. Many articles, written by him, which excited much attention, were inserted in the American Quarterly Review, while that work was edited by Mr. Walsh. He is at present engaged in the preparation of several works for the press, on subjects of interest, the appearance of which may soon be expected.

March, 1838.

DISSERTATION

ON THE

POEM OF THE PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP.

The moral sensations and affections afford the most attractive and exhaustless subjects upon which the poet can exercise his genius. The influence which they exert over mankind, in every sphere of life and in all conditions of society, enables him to derive from them the most efficacious means of obtaining general attention to his labours. To this cause may be ascribed the success of those who, in their poetical writings, have appealed directly to the heart, and by arousing its strong but generous passions, touching its sympathies, or soothing its sorrows, have taught men to look into themselves, and made them familiar with their moral nature.

The principal object of the poet is to please. To effect this object, he must choose subjects which are, in themselves, agreeable. If he involve his readers in metaphysical subtleties, he either wearies them by subjecting the mind to difficulties in discovering his meaning, or disgusts them by the pertinacity with

which he endeavours to lead them through intricacies in which they are reluctant or unable to follow him. The metaphysical obscurities of Donne and Cowley, and of their imitators, prevented the poetical celebrity which they once enjoyed, from becoming general and permanent. Their fame has been obscured by the light which a better taste than theirs has diffused. The sublime yet lucid conceptions of Milton; the vigorous judgment, chastened imagination, and mellifluous verse of Pope; the ease, simplicity, and grace of Goldsmith; the familiar, but glowing images, and polished language of Thomson; and the unsophisticated feeling and artlessness of Burns, have preserved the just celebrity of those writers unimpaired. They sought and found the true source of poetical excellence in the unadulterated impulses of the heart. Nature was their infallible guide. They invoked her spirit, and under her direction they achieved the works which have rendered their names immortal.

Sincere, ardent, and lasting friendship—that attachment which is formed by congeniality of sentiment, and which endures through all the vicissitudes of fortune, too seldom exists in an artificial state of society, in which the selfish passions are arrayed against the kind and gentle feelings, and men are taught to consider their interests adverse and irreconcilable. The opinion which Pope expressed in his last moments, that nothing but virtue and friendship possess any merit, and that friendship itself is only a part of virtue, may not be generally admitted as strictly cor-

ject. But who will deny that friendship, when it is disinterested, contributes to the happiness of those by whom it is mutually cherished; that it alleviates, if it does not remove afflictions; and that it sheds a cheering light through the clouds of sorrow and misfortune by which human life is so often overcast? The consolations which it affords, in the most gloomy circumstances of existence, are indicated in the first paragraph of "The Pleasures of Friendship:"

"On human kind, when pitying Heaven survey'd
The iron hand of stern affliction laid;
When toil and sorrow all their powers combined
To crush the body, and o'erwhelm the mind;
From what blest source was then ordain'd to flow
The soothing cordial of the deepest wo?
From thee, sweet friendship! from thy magic smile
Then flow'd the power each sorrow to beguile,
The wounds of pain and fortune to repair,
And smooth the passage through a life of care."

Metaphorical language is peculiarly adapted to poetry. The facility with which the poet is enabled by a prompt and fertile genius, to discover similitudes between mental impressions and visible objects, often induces him to imagine resemblances which have no actual existence. Whoever endeavours, constantly, and with avidity, to find connexions between abstract ideas and external appearances, will often strain language beyond its strength, and distort images from their proper and natural forms. The author of "The Pleasures of Friendship" has avoided these errors, in

making a comparison between the influence of the sun and that of the feeling which is the subject of his poem. The effects which the power of that luminary produces on outward creation in the respective seasons of the year, and those which are caused by friendship at different periods of life, are well described in the poem; and the comparison which they afford is introduced with much propriety. The warmth and freshness which are imparted to vegetable nature in the spring, by the visible source of heat and light; the fertility and beauty which it bestows in summer; the mild effulgence and ripened abundance which it yields in autumn; and the cheerfulness which it sheds upon the dreary aspect of winter, are all appropriate to the subject of the poem. Childhood, youth, manhood, and old age derive from the influence of friendship advantages which, at those periods of existence, are received and enjoyed with as much delight as external nature may be supposed to experience from the presence of the sun in the different seasons.

The consolatory influence which friendship exerts over the mind of one who is suffering from disease, at a distance from his friends and his native country, is thus well described in the poem:—

"From thy blest smile what soothing power can flow,
Attendant angel on the couch of wo!
On yon poor wanderer in a foreign land,
Lo! harsh disease has laid his torturing hand,
Each limb is rack'd with unremitting pain,
And quenchless fever fires his throbbing brain,

While on his wishes none are found to wait,
Save hireling strangers, careless of his fate.
Should he, ev'n he, while sinking in despair,
Remember home, and all his friendships there,
The pleasing thought can calm the fever's rage,
Sweet hope inspire, and agony assuage;
But O! if fortune to his ear should send
Th' endearing accents of a youthful friend,
The well known voice would drive his cares away,
Bid pleasure's smile o'er all his features play,
Arrest the progress of destroying pain,
And snatch the victim back to life again."

The following passage may be quoted for its poetical beauty, and the moral truth of the sentiment which it contains :—

"Yes, there are men, benevolence may trust,
Whose hearts are faithful and whose aims are just;
Whose liberal minds extend to all the race,
Whose acts redeem the species from disgrace,
And who, enamour'd of fair virtue's charms,
With warm affection spread their ardent arms,
To all whose bosoms can with theirs combine
In generous acts and charity divine."

The effect of friendship upon human character is not less salutary than the influence which it exercises over moral feeling To dissuade the unwary from yielding to vicious allurements, and to encourage them in the practice of virtue, are duties incumbent upon friendship, from the fulfilment of which the most desirable enjoyments are derived. The gene-

rous office which it assumes for the purpose of producing these results, is thus referred to in the poem :—

"O! as along life's stormy vale I stray,
Be friendship still companion of my way;
Then when temptation shall her arts prepare,
And spread her golden nets, my feet to snare,
My watchful guide shall warn me of her toils,
And safe convey me from the siren's wiles," &c.

The pleasure which results from literary pursuits is increased by the congeniality of sentiment and the similarity of taste of those who are engaged in them. By communicating their ideas to each other, subjecting them to the test of investigation, and modifying them according to its results, the mind receives new impulses to activity, while the affections are more closely blended by the influence of sympathy. The poem thus refers to these effects :—

"Produce the taper at the twilight hour,
And yield the soul to friendship's social power;
Let memory there her richest stores supply
Of song or tale, to bid the moments fly;
And though the wintry tempests rage the while,
Domestic legends shall the night beguile,
Or literary taste its charms impart
To please the fancy and improve the heart;
Or disputation's friendly power delight,
Inform the mind, or set the judgment right."

The poem concludes with the expression of a sentiment, which is strictly consistent with the dignity and importance of the subject :—

"When all sublunar joys and griefs are o'er,
When nature feels her latest pang no more;
When this fair world and yonder orbs of fire
Shall hear th' Almighty thunder, and expire!
O! then, in realms where Hope's illusive ray
Shall yield to joy's interminable day;
Where Memory's power no feelings shall renew,
But such as spring from scenes of loveliest hue;
Where Fancy's visions never shall employ
One charm, unmingled with the purest joy;—
Blest Friendship ever unimpair'd shall dwell,
And with warm influence of celestial spell,
Divinely charm each sainted heart above,
And teach the sons of Heaven immortal love."

This passage contains nothing which does not merit the approbation of the most rigid moralist and the most scrupulous Christian. What it asserts is contrary neither to philosophy nor to Christianity. We may, without doing violence to moral propriety, or to scriptural truth, believe that the results which it anticipates, will, at the appointed time, be the termination of all the cares and joys, the hopes and the fancies, which checker and perplex the scene of mortal existence.

The selection of a proper subject is a consideration of great importance to the poet. If he choose one that is trifling or mean, his genius, however brilliant, may be unable to invest it with interest. The weed which springs up in a garden, may not, itself, be an object of disgust or contempt; but it becomes ridiculous when a writer attempts, by pompous language

and overwrought images, to make it as attractive as the flowers by which it is surrounded. The efforts of those who endeavour to impart to trivial subjects, a degree of importance which they cannot justly claim, will always be unsuccessful. Butterflies and moths, a blade of grass or a withered rose, may supply an appropriate theme for a fugitive verse, or a stanza, as insignificant as themselves. But he who aspires to the honours of the poet, and deserves them, will disdain to waste his energies upon subjects that are beneath his genius.

Perspicuity in writing is an object not less important than the judicious choice of a subject. The poet should consider it indispensable. Whatever dignity his subject may possess, or with whatever other attractions he may adorn it, if his work be deficient in clearness, the praise which he might otherwise receive, will be denied him. Obscurity in the ideas or in the language of a writer, whether of prose or poetry, is a fault for which no splendour of genius or beauty of diction can atone. Poetry is, peculiarly, a species of composition which requires a rapid, smooth current of thought and expression to bear the reader insensibly and agreeably onward, and a clear, constant light to guide him in his course. It does not admit of the minute logical arguments and the profound metaphysical abstractions, which are adapted to prose writings, in the perusal of which the mind may pause to reflect and to reason. Poetical writings are resorted to rather as a relaxation from severe intellectual labour, and

as a source of rational entertainment, than for the purpose of acquiring abstruse information. It was a prevalent and a fatal error of the writers who are designated as metaphysical poets, that they pertinaciously sought for images which were, in themselves, inappropriate, and in their nature inconsistent with each other, as well as with the ideas which they attached to them; and that they so involved them in quaintness of language as to render them obscure or unintelligible. Those who imitated these affected writers when their celebrity was at its height, and others who continued to imitate them after it had irretrievably fallen, erroneously supposed that turns of thought, because they are unusual, must be admirable and attractive; that antiquated words and phrases, and ambiguity and involution of expression, indicate superior genius.

But nothing imparts to poetry a greater charm than good versification. The misapprehension or disregard of this requisite, was an error of the metaphysical poets, as detrimental to their reputation, as that which they committed by persisting in the use of strained conceits, unnatural imagery, and affected diction. Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Cowley, observes that their verses "stood the trial of the finger better than of the ear; for the modulation was so imperfect, that they were found to be verses only by counting the syllables." Even that degree of praise is hardly merited by the metaphysical rhymers of the present day. Their syllables are not always controlled by the

authority of the fingers, and their verse often falls upon the ear with a sound which is the reverse of melody. These are faults which the improved and improving taste of the age will rebuke, and compel those who commit them to amend, or to relinquish their hopes of obtaining great and permanent popularity. No poet, who is not assiduously careful in the observance of rhythm, can be long or justly popular. The very nature of poetry renders it indispensable that it should flow in an even, unobstructed stream; that there should be nothing in it grating to the ear; and that the lines, throughout, but especially in their termination, should be smooth and sonorous.

The principles of correct versification have their origin in good sense and pure taste. They depend, for their improvement and perfection, upon the exercise of cultivated judgment and an ear accustomed to the accurate modulations of sound. Melody and harmony, which are intimately connected with each other, constitute an essential part of versification. Compared with these, the most glowing language and the most sublime imagery are unimportant; and without them, what is termed poetry, is nothing but prose arranged in measured lines. Accents, cadences, and pauses must all be placed with strict regard to metrical numbers; and yet they should be so introduced into the work of the poet as to appear only incidental to its design. There must be a regularity and a continuous flow in the language, by which the reader is carried forward rapidly, smoothly, and without effort.

The lines should not move heavily or languidly, but with energy and vivacity; and although the sounds may not always be an echo to the sense, they should respond to it with so much exactness as to be in just unison with it, and not to create in the mind any discordant sensation. To produce these results, prosodial quantities must be strictly observed; for however artificial the rules which prescribe them may appear, those rules are founded in nature, and approved by sound judgment and taste. An acquaintance with them, although it is not sufficient to form a poet, is a part of knowledge with which he cannot dispense. Whether they are derived from nature, or have been devised by art, he cannot neglect them consistently with his desire for the reputation to which he aspires. The same distinguished writer and literary critic, whose opinion on the subject of versification has been referred to in this dissertation, asserts, that "however minute the employment may appear of analyzing lines into syllables, and whatever ridicule may be incurred by a solemn deliberation upon accents and pauses, it is certain that, without this petty knowledge, no man can be a poet;" and, "that verse may be melodious and pleasing, it is necessary, not only that the words be so arranged as that the accent may fall on its proper place, but that the syllables themselves be so chosen as to flow smoothly into one another." Lines and syllables constitute, when arranged in regular order, and according to metrical rules, the exterior form of poetry; and accents, cadences, and pauses

direct the reader in its perusal. They ought, therefore, to be considered the poetical body into which genius infuses a vivifying spirit. The easy and graceful flow of words and syllables, or of entire lines, is as necessary to the nature of true poetry, as ideas and language are to a writer of prose.

A subject important and interesting, perspicuity of ideas and language, and animated and smooth versification, qualities which are indispensable to poetry, are all exemplified in the poem of "The Pleasures of Friendship." Its theme is one, which all who properly appreciate amiable feelings, not only approve, but contemplate with intense interest. True friendship is not temporary in its nature, or limited in its capacity for diffusion. Its duration is as permanent as that of the natural existence of those who are susceptible of it, and coextensive with the space which they occupy in the world. The ties by which it unites them in sentiments and objects, and the sympathies that it excites and cherishes, render it a subject of peculiar importance and attraction. Its attributes and tendencies are enumerated and illustrated by the author of this poem on the pleasures which it affords, with truth, propriety, and spirit. Avoiding the speculations into which his subject might so readily have seduced him, he has confined himself to a plain and simple, yet a dignified and rational exposition of the moral susceptibilities from which friendship derives its existence, and a brief, comprehensive, and accurate analysis of the modes in which they

exercise their influence. In his poem there are no complicated and subtle processes of reasoning; no abstruse or perplexed ideas; no obscure or ambiguous phrases. His thoughts flow in an easy, a full, and a clear stream; and his language, unaffected and appropriate, accords with them, and with the nature of the feeling which he has adopted as his theme.

One of the principal merits of this poem, is the power which it exerts of affecting the heart by appealing to the mild and amiable feelings. But much of its attraction is ascribable to the accuracy and beauty of its versification. In the perusal of it, the eye is not offended by inaccuracies in the construction or arrangement of the lines, nor is the ear shocked by harshness of language, the injudicious use of metrical quantities, or the erroneous placing of accents and pauses. The cadences are regulated in accordance with rhythmical propriety, and the rules of melody and harmony are well observed. The sense of one couplet is not often made to depend on that of another by which it is succeeded; nor are the lines rendered rough and unmusical by running into each other. In regular and long poems, these are merits which writers, even when possessed of great genius and learning, do not always display. The most ardent mind may, occasionally, become languid, and intermit its efforts in the course of protracted poetical composition. The most accurate and practised ear may sometimes become inattentive or indifferent to the observance of a reiterated and regular recurrence of sounds

and their various modifications. The difficulty of sustaining, throughout a poem of considerable extent, an unabated fervency of feeling, and a uniform strain of mellifluous versification, renders the merit of those by whom it is surmounted, much greater than is generally acknowledged. The popularity which has been acquired and retained by the poem of "The Pleasures of Friendship," may in a great degree be ascribed to the correctness and melody of its numbers. Whatever importance may be attached to the subject of it, and with whatever general ability that subject has been treated, the poem itself would not possess the extensive and well established reputation which it enjoys, did it not display more than ordinary merit in its versification. The caprices of opinion may make poetical productions acceptable or attractive to those who are swayed by those caprices, rather than by their own mature and deliberate judgment. They may even give to a poet a celebrity, which can endure only while the fluctuating currents of fashion continue to flow in a certain direction. But the steady and invariable principles of correct literary taste are the best depositories to which the fame of the real poet can be intrusted. It is on these that the poem of "The Pleasures of Friendship" must depend for the duration of its popularity; and in their conservative care, its author may with confidence place his reputation.

THE PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP.

PART I.

The first consideration of the poem is the merciful dispensation of the Deity, in endowing the human mind with those feelings which constitute friendship, in order to furnish an emollient for every species of affliction.—A parallel is then drawn between the effects of the sun on the different seasons of the year, and those of friendship on the corresponding periods of life. The death of Abel, the first instance of any breach of friendship among men, is alluded to, as introducing the curse pronounced at the fall upon Adam and his posterity.—Friendship considered as one of the joys of heaven.—The earliest of the nobler feelings experienced in the days of childhood. The pleasing effects of youthful friendship when reflected on in old age.—The advantage of possessing a true and active friend, when overtaken by misfortune, illustrated in the episode of Montalbot and Connor.—The soothing effects of friendship in sickness and exile.—Its influence in rendering us resigned to death, exemplified in the story of Jacob and Joseph.—The power of confidential friendship, in relieving the pain which arises from the concealment of passion or the indulgence of remorse. The happy effects of a friendly emulation in the acquirement of any science or profession.—Apostrophe to emulation.—Improvement in the various branches of knowledge, and in the arts and professions cultivated by men, figuratively considered as the off-

spring of a union between friendship and emulation.—Th
pleasure of reflecting abroad upon our friends at home, il
stanced in the meditations of a sailor, when in the lonel
situation of keeping watch by night.—The consolations
this feeling to negroes in a state of slavery.—The miserab
condition of Christian slaves in the Barbary States.—Tw
instances given of the exertions of benevolence in their b
half: the first, that of Mr. Willshire in favour of Capta
Riley and his fellow sufferers; the second, that of the Britis
government, in the memorable expedition against Algiers
the year 1816, commanded by Lord Exmouth, which com
pelled the latter power to liberate, without ransom, all th
Christian slaves in its possession, and to agree that all Chris
tians captured in battle, should, for the future, be treated a
the European nations treat their prisoners of war.

THE

PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP.

PART I.

On human kind when pitying Heaven survey'd
The iron hand of stern affliction laid;
When toil and sorrow all their powers combined
To crush the body and o'erwhelm the mind;
From what blest source was then ordain'd to flow
The soothing cordial of the deepest wo?
From thee, sweet Friendship! from thy magic smile
Then flow'd the power each sorrow to beguile;
The wounds of pain and fortune to repair,
And smooth the passage through a life of care!

'Tis yonder sun, when blooms the beauteous spring,
That bids the valleys smile, the woodlands sing;
When summer scenes their splendid charms display,
He gives effulgence to the ardent day;
And he, when autumn's mellow stores appear,
Affords the bounties of the ripen'd year;
From him proceeds, when wintry blasts alarm,
What power still aged nature has to charm!

Thus friendship bids the days of childhood smile
With many a soften'd scene, and artless wile;
And when the warmth of youthful vigour glows,
Affection's sympathizing throb bestows;
And yields each joy that in the bosom blooms
When the ripe mind its mellow'd form assumes;
And in that season, when to hoary years
No glowing scene of gay delight appears,
No charms are felt but what from friendship flow—
The glorious sun of human life below!

Dire was the hour when shuddering nature saw
The first sad breach e'er made in friendship's law!
The world still smiled with boundless charms in store,
And man was blest though Eden was no more!
For sweet affection led him on the way,
And clothed in beauty each succeeding day;
Till Abel's blood made heavenly vengeance glow,
And show'd that friendship had on earth a foe!
Till then fell not the curse of guilt on man,
And first from friendship's wounds mortality began.

O! with what pangs the father of our race,
Bewail'd his own and nature's dire disgrace!
"My son," he cried, "my righteous Abel bleeds,
Slain by his sire's and by his brother's deeds!
Ah! this is death! that death which heaven hath sworn,
For my accurst transgression must be borne!

On me alone should all the vengeance fall;—
But O! 'twill crush my children!—crush them all!"
He said, and sunk in agonizing grief,
The first of human sinners, not the chief!

Friendship! to thee unsullied joys belong,
Joys that can bless e'en heaven's immortal throng.
In those bright realms, so rich in every joy
That hope herself would but the bliss annoy,
(For hope, where'er she comes, however fair,
Still fear, th' attendant of her path, is there,)
Angelic hosts affection's raptures prove,
And holy anthems tell their mutual love!
Fair friendship binds the whole celestial frame,
For love in heaven and friendship are the same.

Stem of delight! endearing is thy power,
When vernal age first spreads its opening flower:
In that soft season, when, to nature new,
Each passing scene delights the wondering view;
When young ideas fill the vacant mind
With sweet surprise and pleasure unconfined;
When restless thought, to quick transition prone,
Impatient roams till every charm be known;
Thy smiles alone the truant can arrest,
And fix some young associate in the breast.

Yes; first of all the heaven-descended train
Of man's superior joys, begins thy reign,

Fair friendship! sovereign of the soothing sway
That charms our toils, and drives our cares away.
For long ere love, with raptures ne'er express'd,
And blissful anguish, fires the throbbing breast;
Ere fancy's pencil paints a scene more gay
Than that experienced in the blest to-day;
Ere hope's fond visions to the mind reveal
Those future raptures that it ne'er shall feel,
Like midnight meteors, with deceitful ray,
That promise morn when morn is far away;
Ere memory's wand, with backward touch benign,
Can make the past with lovelier lustre shine;
Ere wisdom, like the polar star, can guide
Towards the path where lasting joys abide;
Ere bright religion, with persuasive voice,
Can make th' unfading bliss of heaven our choice;—
Congenial friendship brings the potent spell,
To bid the young affections softly swell,
The sweets of fond society impart,
Whose cordial balm exhilarates the heart!

And say, when age, with retrospective view,
Surveys the tender years when life was new,
When the young mind felt e'en this world could bless,
Nor wish'd a happier Eden to possess;
Of all the joys in memory's magic store,
So oft with fond endearment counted o'er,
What can the heart to equal rapture warm,
With those to which affection gave the charm!

How warmly cherished, with a deep regret,
Our heart's first friend, whom we can ne'er forget!
Still lightly o'er the lawn we see him bound,
And with exulting bosom leap the mound.
We glow to think, when rural feats were done,
With him th' applause, alternately, we won.
Though in the race victorious *he* was named,
We justly still the prize of combat claim'd;
Still to a greater height *we* urged the ball,
Though *he* with surer aim could meet its fall.
Oft down the glen together have we stray'd,
To watch our snares for fawns or foxes laid;
Oft spent whole days in consultation deep,
How most secure the linnet's nest to keep;
Or joy'd the woodland echoes to awake,
Or roused the victim plover from the brake;
Or mark'd the hawk, the pirate of the sky,
And let the leaden vengeance on him fly.
Oft by the river's brink we took our stand,
And drew the agitated fry to land;
Or trimm'd our bounding skiff with easy sail,
And lightly scudded with a pleasant gale.
Or thence retiring to domestic bowers,
While young imagination charm'd the hours,
Arabian genii all their terrors spread,
And wonder swell'd our bosoms while we read:
Or haply, with a nobler flame we glow,
Inspired to bold adventure by De Foe!
How brightly bloom'd the interesting isle,
And danger charm'd us with attractive smile!

O days beloved! when innocence and joy
The bosom fill'd, and filled without alloy!
No grief we mourn'd on stern misfortune built,
We knew no sorrow, for we knew no guilt.
O! recollection's sweetest, fairest charm,
That still has power each languid pulse to warm,
Without thy bright, invigorating ray,
Life would be lassitude and dull decay.
When I forget thee, O my earliest friend,
Joy shall be lost, and memory at an end!
Though many a year of toil has crept between
Those glowing days and age's tasteless scene;
Though sever'd now by many a different clime,
Gay, fertile vale, and hoary mount sublime;
Though doom'd by fate, perhaps, to meet no more,
And live again our days of pleasure o'er;
Still, when my daily prayers to Heaven ascend,
I beg for blessings on my earliest friend;
While memory owns that friendship's smile bestows
The brightest charm her magic mirror shows.

Angelic soother of the troubled breast!
Thy smiles can charm the fiercest grief to rest.
When struck to earth by stern misfortune's blow,
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, penury, and wo,
All comforts fled, e'en flatterers disappear,
Ah! then how sweet thy whisperings to our ear!
Thy gentle voice can bid our spirits rise,
And hope's blest visions brighten in our eyes;

And, like the beacon's light that gleams afar
To midnight sailors as their guardian star,
Thy sympathizing glance dispels our fears,
And safe to port our foundering vessel steers.

To all the depths of misery consign'd,
Wounded in body, agonized in mind,
Montalbot lay, the victim of despair,
And wish'd the grave would give him refuge there.

On Liffey's bank the rural mansion stood;
Fair was the vale, romantic was the wood,
Sublime the mountain, and the hand of taste
With fairy loveliness the landscape graced.
Respected, affluent, blest with letter'd ease,
And cheerful mind that taught each toil to please,
A sweet and virtuous fair his wishes crown'd,
With mutual love in blissful union bound;
And in two lovely babes his raptured heart
Enjoy'd a charm the world could ne'er impart:—
But, ah! too soon misfortune's tempest rose,
And bade the scene of short enjoyment close!
Deep-stain'd with blood, rebellion rear'd his head,
And death and desolation round him spread.

Before the eve of that eventful day,
Whose dawn had found thee happy, fond, and gay,
Spouse of Montalbot! how thy bosom bled,
As ruin, death, and horror round thee spread!

In vain thy husband's high-born courage rose,
To check the whelming tide of ruffian foes—
Vain were thy tears and loveliness to melt
Barbarian hearts that pity never felt.
The spreading flames of ruin raged around,
And devastation smoked along the ground;
And, streaming by the fagot's blaze, is shown
That blood to thee far dearer than thy own!
With frantic speed thy close embrace repress'd
Thy life-stream issuing from thy husband's breast,
And with an agony of zeal to save,
Strain'd to thy bosom, held him from the grave!

But, ah! fond woman, what avails thy care?
Think'st thou such barbarous foes e'er learn'd to spare?
Montalbot, know, it is their stern decree,
To-morrow dies upon the gallows-tree!
Wilt thou implore his life? Ah! will thy tears
Persuade the stubborn heart a savage bears?
Stern to their purpose, lo! thy foes remain,
And love, and grief, and beauty plead in vain!

Lo! where Montalbot, weltering in his gore,
Lies on a wretched hovel's swampy floor;
His bosom stung with horror, pain, and grief,
He longs for death to give his woes relief;—
When Connor came, who had that day afar,
In other fields, led forth the rebel war.
At his command the captive was unbound,
His frame refresh'd, and soothed was every wound.

He then with sympathizing voice began
To speak of comfort to the wretched man:

"Arise, Montalbot! let thy griefs be o'er;
No hostile hand shall dare to harm thee more:
What I command my followers obey,
Appointed o'er their hardy ranks to sway.
Think not, because my hostile banners wave
Their emerald bloom, proud England's power to brave;
Nor think, because to patriot feelings true,
Bold insurrection's sword I strongly drew;
And fired with zeal my country's wrongs to right,
I lead her valiant natives to the fight,—
That e'er those happier times I shall forget,
When, first in scenes of youthful joy we met;
When, in Eblana's academic shade,
Through fragrant bowers of classic lore we stray'd;
Or in those paths where science strews her fruit,
With glowing bosoms bent our fond pursuit,
And strove, with all the energy of youth,
To shine in knowledge, manliness, and truth.
O! by those scenes we ne'er shall witness more,—
By that perpetual friendship which we swore,
No party rage, no warmth of public strife,
Shall dare attack thy property or life:
Thy Connor's arm protection will afford,
And happiness to thee shall be restored.
O! if my friend our patriot cause would join,
What glory should be his, what pleasure mine!

But here no force thy sentiments shall move,—
Be free to act as conscience may approve."

"My generous friend!" the rescued captive said,
"By warmth of heart to error's path betray'd,
O that I could conviction's light bestow
On thee, to whom the boon of life I owe!
O that I could from wisdom snatch a ray
To lure thee from the dangers of thy way!—
But, while with gratitude my bosom glows,
It is not mine thy errors to expose.—
Yet should misfortune's clouds around thee lower,
May I be near to shield thee in that hour!
When victory smiles on England's sacred cause,
And thou be yielded to offended laws,
On me, on me thy safety shall depend;
Our king shall know thou wert Montalbot's friend!"

Ere twice yon moon her fulness had attain'd,
At judgment's bar young Connor was arraign'd:
His crimes are proved; the awful hour is nigh,
Decreed by rigid law that he shall die.
That hour is come—tears moisten every face,
Death's slow procession moves with solemn pace,
The muffled music stops its mournful sound,
And numerous guards the fatal tree surround:—
When, mark! yon horseman flashes o'er the plain—
Less swift the tempest hurries o'er the main;
The foaming steed now rushes through the crowd—
The agitated rider shouts aloud,

"A pardon to the prisoner—to my friend!"
At once the air a thousand voices rend.
Montalbot swift displays, with joyful face,
The pleasing instrument of royal grace;
And, breathless, hastes the captive to untie,
Falls on his neck, and sobs aloud for joy.

"I thank thee, Heaven! the trying hour is o'er;
The storm is weather'd, may it rage no more!
Restored to life, O! never let us part,
Of all my friends thou dearest to my heart!
Let us retire afar from party strife,
To the deep vale of sweet domestic life;
And while along the stream of time we glide,
O! may the chart of wisdom be our guide!
And while we glow with patriotic zeal,
As Erin's children should for Erin's weal,
May our example to her sons display
The blessings to be found in virtue's way!
O! may we feel that as our years increase,
Our best ambition is the love of peace;
That patriotism, when rightly understood,
Is that warm feeling for our neighbour's good,
Which like the fertilizing showers of spring,
That bid the blooming vales with gladness ring,
With active influence prospers all around,
And is with blessings of the poor man crown'd;
And feels from friendship's generous bosom rise
The best and noblest joys the world supplies!"

From thy blest smile what soothing power can flow,
Attendant angel on the couch of wo!
On yon poor wanderer in a foreign land,
Lo! harsh disease has laid his torturing hand:
Each limb is rack'd with unremitting pain,
And quenchless fever fires his throbbing brain;
While on his wishes none are found to wait,
Save hireling strangers careless of his fate:—
Should he, ev'n he, while sinking in despair,
Remember home and all his friendships there,
The pleasing thought can calm the fever's rage,
Sweet hope inspire, and agony assuage.
But, O! if fortune to his ear should send
Th' endearing accents of a youthful friend,
The well-known voice would drive his cares away,
Bid pleasure's smile o'er all his features play,
Arrest the progress of destroying pain,
And snatch the victim back to life again!

Or if the winged soul be doom'd to fly
The troubled precincts of mortality;
While o'er her brittle tenement of clay,
She fondly lingers, anxious to delay;
For the dear objects of her hopes and fears,
The loves and friendships of her busy years,
She feels with magic force around her twined,
And sighs—compell'd to leave them all behind!
O! if some friend that gave her youth delight,
Should chance ev'n now to bless her anxious sight—

Some friend, who absent long, and far remote,
Had ne'er by warm affection been forgot;
What pleasure to her parting flight is given!
Rejoiced she quits the world, and mounts to heaven!

Thus, Israel, who, with unavailing tears,
Had spent a length of melancholy years;
While Joseph's long-lost form his fancy drew,
Grief was the only luxury he knew!
Naught could the sorrows of his soul abate—
His child was gone, uncertain was his fate!
With hopes and fears in long continued strife,
The mournful patriarch clung to wretched life:
When Heaven at length restored the darling boy,
And his heart flow'd with gratitude and joy,
"My God," he cried, "now let thy will be done!
I die contented—I have seen my son!"

Ah! still, when secret sorrows rend the heart,
When hidden passions sting with bitter smart,
Or sharp remorse, for deeds or thoughts conceal'd,
Bids all the soul to inward torture yield—
The friendly bosom that can share our grief,
Is the best sanctuary to yield relief,
To quench the fiery aspect of despair,
And ease the labouring mind of half its care!

When the warm glow of love's delicious fires,
The ardent soul of melting youth inspires;
Ere yet he dares with trembling heart disclose
To beauty's ear the fervour of his woes:

When to the covert of the woods he flies,
In nature's silent shades to vent his sighs;
Or on the brink of some lone stream reclined,
Breathes on the whispering gale his bursting mind;
Or haply while around from every spray,
The woodland warblers pour th' enamour'd lay,
With kindred flame he imitates the strain,
And woos the willing muse to soothe his pain,—
O! then, how sweet if to some friendly ear,
Which with soft sympathy his tale will hear,
He can reveal the sorrows of his breast,
And lull with fond complaints his griefs to rest!

Or he who, yielding in temptation's day,
Had in the paths of sinners gone astray,
Awakes at length, his guilty course restrains,
And the great conquest of his passions gains;
Should he, while time with constant step proceeds,
Still sicken at the memory of his deeds,
Nor find in penitence a suasive balm,
The stormy feelings of his soul to calm,—
Then let some friend, with potent aid impart
The boon of comfort to his wounded heart,
And bring a draught divine from mercy's store,
To bid the stricken conscience grieve no more!

When youth, engaged in education's cares,
To act his part in future life prepares;
If manly wishes in his bosom swell
In every bright attainment to excel,

He soon selects, to raise his flagging powers,
Some fond companion of his studious hours,
Whose learning, genius, conduct, he admires,
And warm for equal excellence aspires;
While noble pride and emulative zeal
Bid his friend's mind a rival ardour feel;
And each a loved and bright example views,
That gilds the course his kindled soul pursues.
No jealous hatred in their bosoms burns;
They love, admire, and emulate, by turns.
And when at last they try the stormy world,
The chart of knowledge to their eyes unfurl'd,
They heave a sigh of manly grief to part,
And bear through life the friendship of the heart.

Come, emulation! on thy dazzling wing;
Thy favourite child, improvement, with thee bring;
And while mankind her brilliant acts admire,
Do thou proclaim that friendship is her sire.
Inspired by thee, with ardent mind he strove
To imitate thy deeds—and gain'd thy love!
Together join'd, ye dare the heaviest toil
Required by science on her sternest soil:
Whether with Newton to the heavens ye soar,
And, ranging boundless nature o'er and o'er,
Detect the laws that own creative might,
That wing the comet for his airy flight,
That rule th' expanse of planetary space,
And bind the circling orbits in their place:

Or thence descending, let the Swedish sage
In fields of fragrant flowers your thoughts engage,—
With pleasing care their characters are known,
And all their charms and virtues made your own!

Perhaps, attracted by the arts, ye stray
To Rosa's shades, or Titian's brighter ray;
And pause where'er the human face appears
Array'd in mimic smiles, or bathed in tears:
O! seize the charms bright fancy's colours give,
And bid the canvass, warm with nature, live!

Or seek yon ancient dome,* whose roof beneath,
The marble seems in human form to breathe,
And there inspire a throb to genius true,
And bid your chisel be immortal too!

Lo! to your eyes the chymist's art unfolds
The wondrous secrets nature's bosom holds!
At your command expands her hidden store,
And treasures spring the world ne'er saw before!
Her laws, obedient to your potent skill,
Perform a new creation at your will;
While men admire, as your bright arts disclose
The mighty power the arm of science knows!

Now, warm with patriotic fervour, try
To plead your country's cause with energy;

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* Westminster Abbey.

The public voice will hail your bright career,
And senates listen with delighted ear,
Or learn the arts triumphant fields have won,
And rival Europe's victor, Wellington!

Or for sublimer themes will ye prepare,
And make th' immortal souls of men your care?
Your heaven-born eloquence shall strongly move
The wandering heart, and fix its views above;
On darkling spirits pour celestial day,
And warm the troubled soul with mercy's ray!
The sceptic's breast with Christian zeal shall glow,
And stubborn bosoms sweet compassion know,
As from your lips descends the godlike strain;
And Kirwan's mighty power is felt again!

At silent midnight's meditative hour,
The watchful seaman feels thy cheering power,
Inspiring friendship! as he views from far,
Heaven's azure circle gemm'd with many a star;—
Yon wandering orb, night's cold but lovely queen,
Illumes the sky, and gilds the watery scene;
The stately vessel spreads the waving sail,
To catch each impulse of th' unsteady gale:
In thoughtful mood reclining o'er her side,
He views her progress through th' expanding tide,
And sighs to think, as o'er each wave she moves,
She bears him farther still from those he loves!

But, yielding soon to fancy's sweet command,
He visits once again his native land;
Again the haunts of youthful pleasure views,
Again the throb of past delight renews,
Again the fields of rural sports are seen,
The blooming meadows and the smiling green;
The sacred walk to friendship long consign'd,
The spot where love first fired his youthful mind!
Lo! now the sire who taught his youth appears,
And, hark! his mother's honour'd voice he hears!
The brothers, sisters, that his childhood blest,
Once more are welcomed, and once more caress'd;
The female charmer of his soul again
Is to his bosom clasp'd with raptured strain;
With warmth he pours the fulness of his heart,
Renews his vows and pledges ne'er to part.
But, O! what holier feeling can allure,
Less warm, perhaps than love, but, ah! more pure,
To seek the well-known cottage which contains
The friend long faithful to his joys and pains!
That fond embrace, how ardent and sincere!
Those looks, that voice of confidence how dear!
Truth's purest throb within his bosom glows,
And the full measure of his feelings flows,
As, all disclosed to friendship's secret ear,
He tells each joy and grief, each hope and fear;
And thus unburden'd feels prepared to try
Life's rugged road with greater buoyancy.

O! as along life's stormy vale I stray,
Be friendship still companion of my way!
Then when temptation shall her arts prepare,
And spread her golden nets my feet to snare,
My watchful guide shall warn me of her toils,
And safe convey me from the siren's wiles.—
Or should misfortune's harsher hand employ
Those darts that wound the soul, and peace destroy,
With loss of property or health distress'd,
Or by the malice of mankind oppress'd,
To thy sweet power, when whelming ills invade,
O! blissful friendship! then I fly for aid;
For thou art true, though all the world deceive,
Still wise to counsel, ready to relieve,
Design'd by Heaven, from whom thy virtues flow,
The chief ambassador of good below!

In those bright islands of the western main,
Where Europe's sons, allured by thirst of gain,
With venturous spirit tempt the torrid sky,
Rise swift to fortune, sicken, faint, and die,
The Negro, see! by trade's unfeeling power,
Torn from his home, and sweet paternal bower;
Where issuing oft he shone with manly grace,
And led his fellow Negroes to the chase!
Or when, his country battles to sustain,
His arm was wanted on the hostile plain,
He led her warlike tribes, a patriot band,
Engaged her foes, and drove them from the land!

O! then what rapture blest his high career,
When burst the song of victory on his ear,
When maidens praised the deeds his arm had done,
And crown'd him with the wreath his valour won!
Ah! little thought Laongo's chief that day,
That, bound with chains, in regions far away,
Those buoyant limbs should e'er the scourge sustain,
Those sinewy arms increase a miser's gain;—
That form, disposed in nature's hardiest mood,
To range the forest or to stem the flood;
That freeborn mind of bold and generous frame,
That keenly felt ambition's noble flame,—
Should toil to gratify a stranger's will,
Or, bow'd to earth, the trembling task fulfil!
Where yoked with brutes he works the stubborn soil,
Or, sick and fainting, respite begs from toil;
Ev'n there, in lingering misery's last excess,
Can friendship come with sovereign power to bless;—
For, lo! he marks among th' afflicted train,
One fellow sufferer from Laongo's plain,
Whose tears with his in sympathy can flow,
Whose ear will listen to his plaint of wo,
Whose heart deplores the sorrows of his chief,
And, while he shares them, longs to give relief!

In converse oft, when daily toil they end,
How cheering to the soul the hours they spend!
How oft they tell the ever-pleasing tale
Of times long past in fair Laongo's vale!

The chase, the feast, the song are brought to mind,—
The loves, the joys, the friendships left behind;
Memory's sweet opiate soothes them to repose,
And into short oblivion lulls their woes.
Affection thus can soften every pain;
Grief rends the heart which friendship binds again.

So nature, when in wintry fetters bound,
The streams, the hills, and valleys frozen round,
Feels the warm influence of the southern wind,
And heaven's meridian rays her chains unbind:
With sudden life, earth's opening charms appear,
And spring to hail the renovating year.
But, ah! short-lived the glories they assume—
The north again blows wild and nips their bloom!
Again submitting to th' inclement sky,
They feel, they shrink, they shiver, and they die!

In fair Europa's civilized domain,
Where learning, arts, and arms unrivall'd reign,
Is there no generous power for virtue strong?
O! if there is, why does it sleep so long,
When her lost sons in wretched thousands lie
Beneath the murderous Moor's barbarity?
Or where fierce Lybians, with fanatic zeal,
Apply to Christian nerves the torturing steel?
Hark! bound and buffeted, in yonder walls,
In vain yon helpless man for mercy calls;
He writhes in agony beneath the rod,
Still faithful to his country and his God!

His heart may burst, his flesh consume away,
But virtue shall survive the bitter day!
The threats, the stripes, the tortures, he disdains;
Peace dwells within, for conscience still remains!
Lo! here, where every terror is array'd,
Where nature shrinks, and courage is dismay'd,
Blest friendship comes, and on seraphic wing
The unexpected ransom loves to bring,
With smiles to cheer the features of despair,
And ease the lacerated heart of care!
So Mercy's angel flew, at Heaven's command,
To bring relief to Israel's suffering land.
He found her sunk in slavery's dark abyss,
And waved his wand her sorrows to dismiss.
Her fallen tribes felt courage at the sight,
And rose enthusiasts for their country's right!
Their bonds were burst, their tyrants overthrown,
And Gideon's fiery sword triumphant shone!

Long, hapless Riley! long thy bosom bled,
As faint and weary o'er the desert led,
The savage Arabs urged thy painful way,
And mock'd thy feeble frame that begg'd delay.
How flow'd thy anguish at th' appalling view,
As famine daily thinn'd thy wretched crew!
How oft for death thy harass'd bosom pray'd,
As to the dust thy sinking soul was weigh'd!
Till to a Briton's ear thy sorrows came,
And on his heart impress'd a brother's claim.

What blissful throbs thy grateful bosom knew,
When to thy aid on pity's wings he flew,
And bade, with generous warmth, thy sufferings end,
And hail'd thee as a freeman and a friend!

Yes, Britain's star shall shine with glorious ray,
As when avenging Bona's bloody day;
When Algiers saw destruction's arm reveal'd,
And her proud battlements constrain'd to yield;
When solemn pledge her trembling rulers gave,
Her soil no more should hold a Christian slave;
When issuing forth from many a loathsome cell,
Her famish'd captives bade their chains farewell,
And turning from their tyrants, proud no more,
Hail'd their deliverers from Britannia's shore,
Whose mighty power had broke th' oppressor's chain,
And freedom, life, and joy restored again!
O! with what joy Pellew's brave bosom beat,
What thrilling transport ran through all his fleet,
As from their decks the gallant victors see
The tyrants humbled, and the captives free!
Of either sex, from every Christian land,
What grateful thousands crowd along the strand,
Who soon on board are welcomed and caress'd,
And many a Briton strains a Briton's breast!

Thus ardent glows the grateful virgin's mind,
When, on her brave deliverer's neck reclined,
She thanks that courage which had dared the wave,
And boldly snatch'd her from a watery grave.

Thus thrills with ecstacy the raptured swain,
As the sweet form he rescued from the main,
Is closely to his gallant bosom prest,
And warm approving conscience makes him blest!

May Britain's cross, the world's transcendent star,
Still in the cause of mercy shine afar!
Still bid mankind their fearless tenor keep,
On the broad land, or on the boundless deep;
And cleanse each stain her own bright lustre knows,
India's deep wrongs, and Afric's bitter woes!
And tell the lawless plunderers of mankind,
"Here end your course, and thither be confined!"

THE PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP.

PART II.

THE assertion so frequently made by cold-hearted reasoners, that human nature is incapable of true friendship, refuted.—Howard's philanthropy.—Apostrophe to charity.—The painful disappointments often experienced from having placed confidence in false friends, no proof against the existence of true friendship.—Examples of the latter.—Portrait of a benevolent clergyman, deceased, who was one of the author's earliest friends, and his instructer in the ancient languages.—Jonathan and David.—Abraham's rescue of Lot.—Scipio's affection for Lelius.—The unhappiness of the marriage state when the union of the parties is not cemented by friendship.—Its happiness when it is so cemented.—The pleasures and benefits arising from this feeling in retirement, especially when accompanied with a taste for literature.—In such a state of retirement, benevolent minds are apt to form projects of improvement without sufficiently estimating the obstacles that lie in the way of their accomplishment, when they are often saved from rash undertakings by yielding to the advice of an intelligent friend.—Some subjects of literary recreation in which retired friends are apt to indulge.—Poetry.—History.—Religion.—The powerful effects of confidential intercourse with an intelligent friend in relieving the terrors which arise in the minds of some men concerning their future destiny, instanced in the advantage which the

poet Cowper derived from his intimacy with the Rev. Mr Unwin.—The work of Man's Redemption is introduced, i being the most extensive and sublime instance of friendshi ever exhibited.—The poem concludes by taking notice of that delightful friendship which will for ever exist among the blest in heaven.

THE

PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP.

PART II.

Hark, with a sneer yon misanthrope exclaim,
All men are false, and friendship but a name!
That wisdom teaches with distrust to view
The world's regards as treacherous and untrue;
That acts of friendship but in self commence,
That sordid motives prompt benevolence!
That tender pity, and those feelings strong,
Which rouse the patriot's arm, the poet's song;
That generous love which, in the tender page,
Enchants the mind at youth's unthinking age;
All these, when truth shall scrutinize severe,
Shall in their naked hues of self appear,
Invented merely in pedantic schools,
To draw the minds of children and of fools!

O! ye to nature's purest joys unknown,
Can ye presume to judge with hearts of stone,
The throbs that actuate an immortal soul,
O'er which eternal wisdom has control!

Think ye the stature of each heaven-born mind,
To the mean measure of your own confined!
As well the sluggish owl that courts the night
Might check the eagle in his sun-ward flight,
And think because to him it is not given,
No nobler bird can face the light of heaven!

O! cease, ye vile, injurious slanderers, cease!
Nor boast your torpid feelings lull'd to peace!
We envy not your clay-cold hearts that know
No joy in rescuing other hearts from wo;
We envy not the indurated tone
Of feelings touch'd but for yourselves alone.
In vain to you, from nature's bounteous hand,
Your fellow men are blest in every land:
Not ev'n the joys your kindest brethren know,
Can bid your dull sensations warmly glow.—
Lost to delight of every generous kind,
The glowing fancy and enraptured mind,
Th' ecstatic throb that ardent bosoms warms
When lovers rush into each others arms,
Or pledging oft their tender vows anew,
In melting sorrow bid a long adieu!

O! lives there, Heaven! of human form possess'd,
Who doubts the purity of HOWARD's breast,
Or who contemns, with hateful impious thought,
The man who deeds befitting angels wrought?
His home, his ease, his pleasure he forsakes,
Around the world th' unwearied journey takes,

While Heaven's own ardours in his bosom glow,
To blunt misfortune's poignancy below.

Lo! where in poverty's neglected cell,
Pain, want, and modesty are forced to dwell;
Where pride disdains to stoop, and wealth goes by
With mutter'd insults and averted eye!
Unhoped-for aid his willing hand bestows,
And health and comfort reinstate repose.

Behold in prison walls where guilt is laid,
Where all the forms of misery invade,
Where wretched felons breathe infectious air,
And victims of oppression find despair!
Harsh sounds the clanking of the murderer's chain,
With groans, and loathsome jests, and oaths profane!
There see the messenger of comfort come,
Despair is hush'd, and blasphemy is dumb!
Health takes the place of feebleness and pain,
And anarchy submits to order's reign!
Repentant scoffers now no more are rude,
And harden'd sinners glow with gratitude!

Illustrious pattern for the friends of man!
Whose stream of life in heavenly currents ran;
Long shall thy name By nations be revered,
To every feeling, virtuous heart endear'd!
When kings and conquerors, to the dust consign'd,
Shall be forgot, or hated by mankind,

Thy memory still, as age to age succeeds,
Shall rouse admiring men to virtuous deeds;
And, graved on every noble heart, thy name
Shall still be dear to charity and fame!
Whence men shall learn the holiest acts below,
To seek the wretched, and relieve their wo!

O, charity! thou lovely, soft-eyed maid,
Who shunn'st the haunts of riot and parade;
Opposed to fashion, luxury, and pride,
Thou cling'st to merit's unobtrusive side!
Delighted with the honest mind to stray
Afar from dissipation's noisy way,
Afar from where the mercenary train
Of avarice toil their venal ends to gain;
Deep in the covert of the silent shade,
Thou find'st the unhappy, and thou givest them aid!
O! fairest offspring of indulgent Heaven,
To wretched sons of men in mercy given,
From thee what inexhausted blessings flow,
To equalize the wrongs of fate below!
The social throb, the tender-streaming eye,
The cheering voice, the heart-expressing sigh,
The open hand the needy to relieve,
And the kind heart the erring to forgive:—
O! never leave the world while it contains
One breast that sorrows, or one deed that pains,
One anguish'd breast, by harsh oppression torn,
Or grieved by hate, or taught by love to mourn.

Be still our guide to happier realms afar,
Our daily pillar, and our nightly star!
O! melt the flinty hearts of wealth and pride,
Teach them the tender joys by thee supplied;
Teach them those hostile passions to control,
Which shut the heart, and brutalize the soul;
Close those foul deeds inhuman self began,
And make repentant man the friend of man!

True; oft the honest mind has tried in vain
One genuine friend among mankind to gain;
Full oft the false profession has believed,
And, still when most assured, was most deceived!
Has felt affection with neglect repaid,
Has felt the bitter pang of faith betray'd,
The slanderous tongue, the harsh insulting mood,
Th' unfounded charge, the base ingratitude!

Nay, there are men, most curst of all below,
Who but assume the friend to act the foe;
Who, like the viper lurking in the breast,
Insnare our peace, then stab, and stand confest!
From such may guardian spirits keep me free,
The hell-born sons of foul hypocrisy!
Of all the evils that on life attend,
The most heartrending is a treacherous friend:
For, O! a friend whose heart is true and warm,
Life's purest blessing, and its dearest charm—
Proportion'd to the joy from him we gain,
Harsh disappointment brings a weight of pain!

But, ah! profane not friendship's sacred name;
Call these not friends; of spurious brood they came.
Like the night-meteor of the swampy way,
That lures the wanderer with deceitful ray:
To his fond wish some cottage light it seems,
And, warm with hope, he follows where it gleams;
But sinks at once, deserted in the gloom
Of some o'erwhelming marsh, to meet his doom.
So baleful flattery—such is human fate—
May, clothed in friendship's garb, usurp his seat,
And his deceitful front in smiles array,
Till some unguarded victim fall his prey!

But how unwise, ye who from this suppose
That in the human breast no friendship glows!
As well, false reasoners! might ye contest
That genuine love ne'er warm'd the virgin breast,
Because a heartless race with selfish view,
Have boasted transports which they never knew!
As well suppose no piety on earth,
Because the world has given an atheist birth!
Or that no age can faithfulness afford,
Because a Judas once betray'd his Lord!

Yes, there are men benevolence may trust,
Whose hearts are faithful and whose aims are just;
Whose liberal minds extend to all the race,
Whose acts redeem the species from disgrace;
And who, enamour'd of fair virtue's charms,
With warm affection spread their ardent arms,

To all whose bosoms can with theirs combine
In generous acts, and charity divine!

Such was that holy man, when here below,
Who taught my heart the charms of lore to know,—
Taught me to feel the pleasures of the soul,
And bade my firstling thoughts in numbers roll.
Oft as I would, in short excursions, try
On half-fledged wings, through fancy's realms to fly,
My feeble flights he kindly loved to aid,
When falling, raised—restored me when I stray'd.—
Blest shade! now throned amidst the choirs above,
If still thy once loved pupil shares thy love,
Transmit a portion of that ray divine
Which warm'd thy soul and bid it rest on mine!
That I, like thee, may draw from nature's page,
A poet's joy, the profit of a sage;
Like thee, may seize, with impulse deep and strong,
Those magic tints that charm the heart in song!
So that my verse a power like thine may claim,
To fire mankind with friendship's noble flame,
And teach each heart what oft thou taught'st to mine!
That love of human kind is love divine!

Forgive my tears, if for his loss they flow,
The first best friend I ever lost below.—
Long shall his flock with pious sorrow mourn
The day their pastor from their souls was torn.
No pert theatric orator was he,
Nor stuffed with pride of stern austerity;

A learn'd divine, meek, simple, and sincere,
He preach'd as if he felt our souls were dear;
His style impressive, dignified, and plain,
With power to strengthen faith, and guilt restrain;
He strongly felt the truths he would impart,
And, speaking from the heart, he touch'd the heart!
Each word inspired some conscience-stirring thought,
Or warm'd our souls within us while he taught.
No wealth, no grandeur, rank, nor fashion's pride,
Had charms to draw his steady mind aside;
With equal love his people he survey'd,
Nor knew distinction but what virtue made.
When pious fears the bosom would molest,
When pain or penury would probe the breast,
His sympathizing aid was ever near,
To ease the anguish and dispel the fear:
The troubled soul saw heaven-born Mercy shine,
And felt the solace of the word divine!

Such did he live, our blessing to the end,
Our guide, example, minister, and friend!
And when his Master bade his labours close,
Triumphant on salvation's wings he rose!
And, like the seer who died on Pisgah's hill,
Though now he speaks no more, he teaches still;
Teaches from sin's alluring paths to fly,
To live like Christians and like saints to die!
His loved example fires each serious breast,
To live as virtuous and to die as blest;

Makes bright religion pleasing to our eyes,
And fills our souls with ardour for the skies!
Thus, ere yon golden orb that rules the day,
Withdraws from smiling earth his fading ray,
He lends a lustre to adorn the night,
And bids the gilded moon prolong the light:
She brightly sheds a glory not her own,
And light still lingers though its lord be gone!

How bright the royal heir of Israel's throne,
In thy blest cause, celestial Friendship, shone!
When wandering David on his aid relied,
He cast ambition's potent claims aside.
No selfish feelings in his breast contend;
He joys to lose his throne to save his friend!
With grief he sees his father's malice rise,
And to the persecuted hero flies,
And gives the faithful signal of alarm,
Which saves the brother of his soul from harm.

And all his love in fond remembrance kept,
For Jonathan the bard of Judah wept,
Pour'd o'er his royal harp th' elegiac strain,
And mourn'd his dearest friend in battle slain.
And when misfortune overtook his race,
He sought, he found them, drew them from disgrace;
And long to scenes endear'd in youth awake,
Rewards the children for the father's sake.

O! what solicitude thy soul imprest,
What generous thirst of vengeance fired thy breast,
Thou highly favour'd of the Power Divine,
Great patriarch! father of the Hebrew line,
When first the mournful tale was told to thee,
Of Siddim's fight, and Lot's captivity!
Although to fighting fields unused, unknown,
With sudden valour now thy spirit shone!
Though kings combined, with hosts in long array,—
A warlike train,—were vanquish'd on that day;
Yet fearless thou the victors wouldst pursue;
Thy warriors faithful, but their numbers few,
To stand or fall in virtue's cause engage,
And warmly glow th' unequal war to wage!
Soon join the combat with heroic fire,
While friendship and revenge their souls inspire;
And soon compel their haughty foes to yield,
Who trembling fly the memorable field!
The plunder'd substance of thy friends again,
And thy loved Lot, and all his captive train,
Thus nobly rescued by affection's sword,
To home, to love, and friendship are restored.

How pleased the hero whom fair wisdom fires,
When toil is o'er, to friendship's vale retires!
Though for a while imperious duty claim
His deeds of valour on the fields of fame;
Though honour prompt him at his country's call,
O'er her proud foes to triumph or to fall;

And though victorious in her sacred cause,
He hears assembled thousands shout applause,
And with a grateful nation's blessings crown'd
Sees wealth and honours all his deeds surround,
Yet still he feels a purer wish arise,
Than fame, or power, or grandeur e'er supplies,—
A wish to know, when all his labours close,
In friendship's shade the sweetness of repose.

Thus Scipio, conqueror of the Punic state,
Who crush'd his country's foes and made her great,
When ardent Romans, gathering round his car,
Bore him triumphant midst the spoils of war;
With zeal transported on that glorious day,
They wish'd to clothe him with a sovereign's sway
The generous hero felt his soul on flame,
Borne on the wings of triumph and of fame:
But victor o'er himself, as o'er his foes,
He check'd ambition's impulse as it rose;
To wisdom's whispering voice inclined his ear
Thought of sweet peace, and Lelius ever dear;
And fled from glory's car to friendship's dell,
With Lelius and philosophy to dwell;
Rejoiced and happy that he had, for them,
Rejected Rome's imperial diadem!

In youth, when wild tumultuous passions reign,
And lead th' enraptured pair to Hymen's fane,
Ere cautious wisdom can perform her part,
To mark esteem presiding in the heart;

Soon as the transient gust of passion dies,
When cloying charms no longer please the eyes,
The lovely goddess that our fancy drew,
Becomes insipid, and our joys untrue!
If in the conformation of her mind
We search in vain some pleasing charm to find,
The loves and graces that adorn'd her frame,
And fired the heart with unresisted flame,
May still shine forth as lovely and as bright,
But, ah! no rapture now attends the sight!
Our days pass slow and sad on life's dark stream,
Unblest by love, unbrighten'd by esteem.

But when the nuptial rite together binds
Two ardent hearts and corresponding minds;
When something more than passion's throb controls
The mutual admiration of their souls;
When in each other they enraptured find
The grace of conduct and the light of mind,
The lovely temper wisdom still attains,
The constant heart where fond affection reigns;
O! then, when youth and vigour shall decay,
When all external charms shall fade away,
The happy pair, delighted, fond, and true,
Shall feel the sweets of love for ever new!
Shall see, perhaps, an offspring bless their sight,
Good, like themselves, the source of new delight!
And, O! when generous feelings shall appear
To animate those infant bosoms dear,

What sweet emotions they shall feel the while,
And fondly watch each other as they smile!
Thus in their mutual love supremely blest,
They glide through life and calmly sink to rest,
Their mortal parts to kindred dust return'd,
By virtue honour'd and by friendship mourn'd!

Far from the world retired to rural shades,
Where toilsome dissipation ne'er invades,
How blest the man whose peaceful days are spent
In easy exercise, and calm content!
Who with the lark salutes the early dawn,
Breathes ruddy health from every breezy lawn,
And oft disposed to work the fruitful soil,
Feels dignity and pleasure in the toil!
How happy he, if in his bosom glows
A taste for social joy and learn'd repose!
O! then, each heartfelt pleasure to endear,
Let some beloved and faithful friend be near,
With whom to search the bright instructive page,
And wisdom learn from many an honour'd sage,
Each noble art and science to explore,
Or trace th' alluring charms of classic lore;
Shall bid his leisure hours delighted flow,
And wrest the sting from every ill below.

If, to invention's pleasing power resign'd,
Some useful project animates his mind,
Intent on what the public good requires,
Or friendship's more endearing claim inspires.

The plan, how wise, how rational, how just
Full many a time is o'er and o'er discuss'd:
Then shall his watchful friend, with cautious view,
Descry the path which prudence should pursue,
And show, while *this* a useful end may gain,
That but an idle fancy of the brain!

Produce the taper at the twilight hour,
And yield the soul to friendship's social power;
Let memory there her richest stores supply
Of song or tale, to bid the moments fly;
And though the wintry tempests rage the while,
Domestic legends shall the night beguile;
Or literary taste its charms impart,
To please the fancy and improve the heart;
Or disputation's friendly power delight,
Inform the mind, and set the judgment right.

Come thou, sweet poetry! thou nymph divine,
And let us feel those thrilling charms of thine,
Which raise the soul terrestrial cares above,
To holy warmth, benevolence, and love!
And, ye whose hearts the social spirit warms,
Come, for ye best can feel the muse's charms,—
Let Shakspeare's magic o'er your souls prevail;
Or yield a tear to Eloisa's tale:
Let Thomson's muse a patriot warmth impart,
Or sweetly flowing Goldsmith touch the heart:
Or on Miltonian wings ascend the skies,
To realms sublime, unseen by mortal eyes;—

At Heaven's bright throne kneel, tremble, and adore,
Or Eden's loss with sorrowing hearts deplore:
Or from th' enriching philosophic strain
Of Cowper's verse, the wealth of wisdom gain;
Learn how to shape the devious course of life,
And blunt or bear its malice and its strife.—
Let Scotia's peasant bard his numbers roll,
In warmth of heart and dignity of soul;
And feel the independent throb divine,
That fires each thought and breathes in every line!

O! bring th' immortal bard of Gaelic song,
Whose genius pours the torrent verse along,
And bids the tale of other times inspire
The heart with passion and the soul with fire!
Fingal's great deeds excite th' heroic glow,
Who ne'er forsook his friend, nor fled his foe!
But in each generous cause his might display'd,
Avenged th' oppress'd, and gave the needy aid!

Let Byron's lay in deep-toned pathos swell,
The stormy workings of the soul to tell;
And boldly spread before a wondering world,
Its vices broadly to the day unfurl'd.

Or should our Living Bards* your thoughts engage,
Whose varied strains delight th' admiring age;

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* Living in 1826.

Lo! Friendship warms them with her noblest flame
To aid each other in the walks of fame.
Delightful concord! holy love divine!
How blest and worthy of the sacred nine!
What praise, what honours mark your golden reign!
What lasting glory for the muse's train!
Hark! from their harps enraptured measures flow,
As if heaven's minstrelsy were heard below!

O! hear romantic Scott recall the time
When love was virtue, cowardice was crime!
The bard of chivalry, whose strains delight
To sing the beauteous maid and charging knight;
With pride we see our valiant sires advance
To storm the castle, or to break the lance!
What noble fires Fitz-James's deeds awake!
How sweetly charms fair Ellen of the Lake!

Hark! Southey, master of the potent song,
That o'er th' imagination deep and strong,
With wild emotion pours its mighty flood,
And speaks the fierce Apostate's direful mood!
What awful scenes his magic verse displays—
Kehama's curse, and Roderic's vengeful days!

And hear Montgomery's pious strains impart
The glow of virtue to th' awaken'd heart.
Whether his lays Helvetian woes record,
When freedom sunk beneath the Gallic sword;

Or touching Javan's softer lyre, to move
The youthful mind, he turns it all to love,
He ne'er forgets the muse's noblest end,
To make us feel that virtue is our friend!

Or from th' impressive strains of Campbell know
How hope's blest visions charm the fiercest wo;
When from the wretch each blessing disappears,
His friend she lingers still, and dries his tears!
Our hearts confess, as future joys unfold,
Sweet is the tale of hope, and sweetly told!

Now let the bard, whose song in memory's praise,
Recalls the pleasures of our former days,
Declare his joys, who can in age renew
Those scenes that strongly blest, but swiftly flew!

O! if melodious Moore his harp has strung
To tones as sweet as ever poet sung;
If Erin's praise his ardent numbers tell,
Or love's own raptures in the measures swell,
Till warming beauty blushes in the strain,
And mantling pleasures o'er the senses reign;
Then from your soul all meaner cares disperse,
And riot in the luxury of verse!

Or let the muse of history relate
The world's long story, human nature's fate!
Mark bold ambition seize imperial sway,
While prostrate nations tremble and obey!

Ev'n feeble Xerxes holds the tyrant's rod,
With half mankind submissive to his nod.
Then mark how freedom's spirit brightly glows,
And calls for mighty vengeance on her foes!
See Grecian virtue raise the standard high,
The proud invader and his millions fly;
For, clothed in wrath, when freedom's sons appear,
Though few, they teach unnumber'd foes to fear;
The soul that fires them every danger braves,
Nor dreads a tyrant's host composed of slaves!
Lo! Tarquin humbled! mighty Brutus see!
He grasps the sword that sets his country free:
Hark! the dread vows that Roman souls inflame,
That burst their country's chains and stamp her fame!

Now let Britannia's glorious tale explain
How great Eliza bade her rule the main;
And how the noble fire of Hampden shone,
When bound to earth he heard his country groan—
Swift at his call she bursts th' inglorious chain,
And with resistless force is free again!
O! mark the wondrous powers of Chatham's soul,
That held ambitious Europe in control;
Corruption trembled at his virtuous frown,
And vanquish'd Bourbon lost the laurel crown.
See Burke! the prince of orators, arise—
Grace in his gestures, lightning in his eyes;
He bears his audience on his eagle flight,
As boldly soaring to the source of light,

He grasps a ray to fire the dubious mind,
And bids prevailing truth instruct mankind.
Proud o'er the waves, see conquering Nelson sweep
Each hostile banner from the subject deep!
A numerous band of heroes by his side,
The terror of the world, their country's pride!—
Lo! Salamanca's field the wreath display,
Or dreadful Waterloo's more bloody day!
The mighty deeds by Erin's warrior done,
The scourge of tyrants, conquering Wellington!

But, O! what name in history's page so bright,
Whose story gives the world such pure delight,
As his, who in Columbian wilds afar,
Where sylvan nature courts the western star,
With steady energy to battle led
Those patriot bands who bravely fought and bled;
And, like their chief, had sworn by all on high,
To conquer in their country's cause—or die!
What glory crowns fair freedom's darling son,
The boast of men—immortal Washington!

When that blest day which gives the poor man rest—
The Christian Sabbath—warms the pious breast;
When holy ardours animate the mind
To leave the sordid cares of earth behind,—
The soul disposed to rise to themes sublime,
Of God, of heaven, and never-ending time!
O! then, with warm affections placed above,
How sweet to wander through the sacred grove,

Whose waving foliage shades the house of God,
And points the soul to her desired abode!
Ah! then let friendship hear the heart unfold
The snares she 'scaped, the passions she controll'd;
The firm belief that points her views on high,
The fears that check, the hopes that bid her try.

Should restless doubt the heavenward prospect blind,
Or grim despondency o'erwhelm the mind,
O! then be friendship's aid for ever near,
To strengthen hope, and chase the pangs of fear.

Unhappy Cowper! o'er thy troubled soul,
Long time despair possess'd a stern control:
Thy spirit felt the fast-consuming flame,
And daily sunk thy melancholy frame.
In vain the power of healing art was tried,
Reason and pastime were in vain applied;
Vain were the charms of taste, the smiles of love,
Naught could the anguish of thy soul remove,
Till friendship came in reverend Unwin's form,
Relieved the terror and suppress'd the storm!
The cordial balm of confidence convey'd
Peace to the mind, and all its fears allay'd;
Renew'd the frame with health, and o'er the soul,
Bade reason's power resume her just control.

Sire of creation! when thy mighty call
Produced the heavens, and this terrestrial ball;

When heaving nature startled at thy word,
And living spirits first adored their Lord;
Th' eternal purpose moved within thy breast,
To form the race of man beloved and blest:
And pure and good, as Heaven's own seraph band,
Our race first issued from thy forming hand.
To guilt, and pain, and sorrow all unknown,
God was our shield, and paradise our own!
In love's own bower th' ambrosial feast was spread,
And holy angels blest the nightly bed;—
Refreshing streams with soothing murmurs flow,
Soft, whispering gales with balmy fragrance blow;
The fruits, the flowers, the music of the grove,
Tell all is happiness and all is love!

But soon the tempter bade our bosoms swell
With vain desires,—we ventured and we fell!
In wretched state how helpless then we lay
Beneath Heaven's wrath, that flamed in fierce array!
Could angels save us? could repentant tears
Arrest th' unsparing sword that Justice bears!
Ah! no—in vain ev'n pity pleads our cause:
Can she appease Heaven's violated laws?
Can seraph tears indemnity provide
For Heaven insulted, Deity defied?—
But mark how bright th' Eternal Mercy shone
The Heir of Heaven hath made our cause his own!
Almighty Power is offer'd in our stead,
And sin, and death, and hell are captive led!

Heaven's boundless love has paid the debt we owed,
Restored our souls to happiness and God!
Our songs shall hence in grateful anthems rise,
To Love divine, and Friendship in the skies!

When all sublunar joys and griefs are o'er;
When nature feels her latest pang no more;
When this fair world, and yonder orbs of fire,
Shall hear th' Almighty thunder, and expire!
O! then, in realms where Hope's illusive ray
Shall yield to joy's interminable day;
Where Memory's power no feelings shall renew,
But such as spring from scenes of loveliest hue;
Where Fancy's visions never shall employ
One charm unmingled with the purest joy;—
Blest Friendship ever unimpair'd shall dwell,
And, with warm influence of celestial spell,
Divinely charm each sainted heart above,
And teach the sons of Heaven immortal love!

THE END.

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